



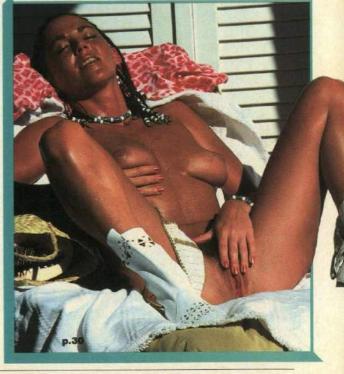
HUSTLER.

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 4

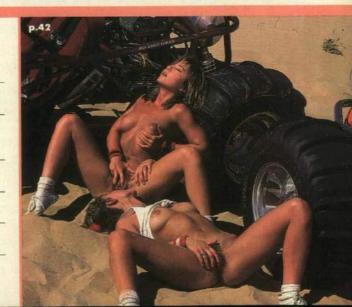
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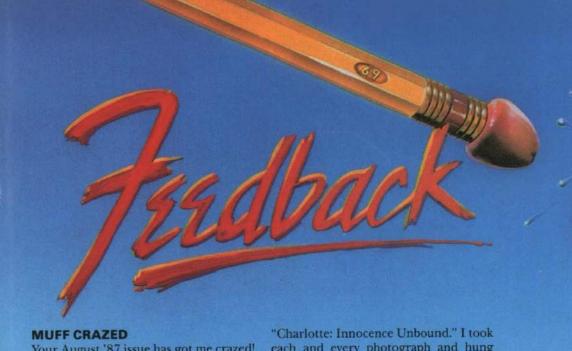
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Cover photo by Clive McLeon



Your August '87 issue has got me crazed! "Little Miss Muff" has been killing me all evening. What a sweet piece of pussy that youngster has got. That young shit makes my dick hard. Also, please allow me, as an anilingus freak, to thank Michele (in Beaver Hunt) for the sweetest butt-hole in years. This is one black man who would eat her asshole until she is cross-eyed. Michele is the type of woman who makes Beaver Hunt the first thing I turn to

The Bronx, New York

SEX, TRUTH & ROCK 'N' ROLL

Can you people never stop? Well, I hope like hell you never do! You're still doing great-keep up the good work. Hats off to "Isabel: Islands in the Stream" (August, '87). She must surely be one of the ladies that Frank Zappa was thinking about when he penned "Titties and Beer." First off, let me say to R.K. from New York (August Feedback) that I wholeheartedly agree with him. I too have had the nonsexual articles leave a more lasting impression on me than the pink. Sure, I love pink as much as the next guy, but articles that reveal the truth are a much needed source of information that-in a lot of cases-is hard to come by. I realize that articles that run in HUSTLER and such magazines are on a several month delay, but to get the truth is to get the truth. July '87 Beaver Hunt's "Sherri" from Independence, Missouri, is too much. I vote to see more of her. Any housewife that is into sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll and will wink the ol' pink -Psychic Sal can't be bad.

THREEWAY WITH GIRL-SET

I'm a married man, and I bought the July '87 issue of HUSTLER. I believe in the enjoyment of reading your magazine. I came across the beautiful photographs of

Murfreesboro, Tennessee

"Charlotte: Innocence Unbound." I took each and every photograph and hung them over my bed. Then one night while fucking my wife, I started calling out, "Charlotte." My wife is extremely beautiful, and my fantasy is not just to fuck, but to make love to two beautiful women at the same time. I would like to say, "Hello, Charlotte. If you have a fantasy, I hope it involves me."

—A. L. R.

Aurora, Colorado

BODIES OF THOUGHT

I've been subscribing to your guts-andnerve magazine for my second year now, and I finally viewed one of your issues worth writing about. Most of your models and layouts in the past have not been unique, but your July '87 centerfold, "Melina: White Hot Passion," is a truly scrumptious, semen-shoot-causing, fuck-



Little Miss Muff

able little fire fox. The life-size photo of her mooning the camera is an absolute masterpiece. What an ass! —R. A. W. St. Louis, Missouri

I have been a fan of HUSTLER for a couple of years. I thought your July '87 issue was outrageous! I really got a hard-on when I saw your HUSTLER Honey, "Melina." She has a beautiful face and a shapely body. I love her tanned boobs and her tight little pussy. The centerfold was great—it showed her entire body, including her pretty feet, which really turned me on. I wouldn't change a thing in your magazine—it's the best. I look forward to every issue of HUSTLER —C. B. Lakewood, California

A-RATED X-RATED REVIEWS

I feel that HUSTLER is the best men's magazine published today. First off, it shows a stiff cock as well as a wet snatch. Second, HUSTLER has the best erotic-film reviews and, more often than not, your critics are right on the mark about the films. This really saves me money, since I go to fuck films twice a week, and I buy videos from your advertisers quite often.

-R. S.

Portland, Oregon

HOLY SHIT!

If more people read HUSTLER, they would care less about these 15-20 minute fucking episodes by a preacher, and go for the balls-deep HUSTLER articles. As for Jerry Falwell calling another preacher

of God a homo exual on national TV, I looked back into the April '85 issue of HUSTLER and found he sued you for the ad parody depicting him getting drunk on Campari and fucking his mother in an outhouse. Now Falwell has murdered Jimmy Bakker's reputation, stolen his ministry and continues to suck up the money from the poor, sick people who follow that PTL shit. Falwell is just sucking money from listeners like Jessica Hahn sucked a wad out of Jimmy. –J. B. Atlanta, Georgia

TAKING OUR WORDS FOR IT

The July '87 issue is wonderful-it's got class and some hot shots. Thanks, gang. Also, Bits and Pieces was perfect. George Bush is as bad or maybe worse than he was as head of the CIA. Good ol' Bush may be even more dangerous to human rights. You can take the whole Republican party and junk it. I don't think it's good for the country. Some Democrats are fucked-up too, but not as bad. Anyway, I think you guys are right-on. I turned to the HUSTLER article previously published on the separation of Church and State, where you used the line, "Freedom of religion and freedom from religion." I memorized it and lived it on the streets of Washington, D.C. Thanks, people. HUSTLER has opened my eyes on several subjects. It's a damn shame that

in America, where we claim to defend the truth, I have to find it in a porn book.

Eugene, Oregon

I would like to thank you for helping to keep America informed. You are one of the few publications that let us know how to fight the growing trend of censorship. I've been a big fan of HUSTLER for three years. However, it's against the law to sell your magazine in my county. I have to drive 15 miles to another county just to get the latest copy of HUSTLER. Please let me know how I can help to get the law changed, and get HUSTLER in my county.

—T. M.

Cullman, Alabama

COVERING ALL BASES OVERSEAS

I'm in the U.S. Air Force, stationed in Guam. I don't make it a point to write to magazines, because my opinions really don't mean much, but I would like to express this one. I think that HUSTLER is probably the best mag on the stands right now. At first, I bought HUSTLER for the layouts. I knew that HUSTLER showed a great deal of flesh, and paying \$4.25 was a better deal than going downtown here for \$35. In Guam, the male-to-female ratio is probably 10-1; so even the uglies have attitude problems. They know they possess the "magic muff," and going downtown

gets expensive. After I started buying your magazine, I realized that there was more to it than the layouts. All of your fiction stories are outstanding, and I get a kick out of the *Hot Letters*. But what really enforced my pleasure with your magazine was when you named Oral Roberts May's Asshole of the Month. I thought he was an asshole way before that. It's nice to see American flesh, read good articles and laugh at the jokes and cartoons. Keep it up.

—P. V.

APO San Francisco, California

WINNING BEAVERS

HUSTLER, you never fail to amaze me with the over-40 Beavers. "Lynn" (July '87), from Norwalk, California, is absolutely succulent. I've whacked my rock over her a couple of times already. She's got the perfect tits—I love them babies. I can just imagine rubbing cum on them. I wish my main squeeze had titties like that; hers sag and get pinched when we fuck. I know Lynn's don't sag. Let's see Lynn in a Beaver Hunt extra, which is long overdue. I haven't seen a Beaver Hunt winner in months, and Lynn is a winner. What do you say HUSTLER?

—J. L.

North Tonawanda, New York

Look for Beaver Hunt winner Luce on page 30.

Those hometown honeys did it again in August '87. I'm hot and strokin' over Sharon from Lake Elsinore. She is hot. She's got a nice, curvy set of hips, a pretty bush, and titties just like I love 'em; just big enough to suck, tongue and squeeze, but not so big as to get in the way. I've got it up for her five times this week, and I'm going to continue. I've got lust in my heart for Sharon. She's truly a winner, a very special winner.

—Name and

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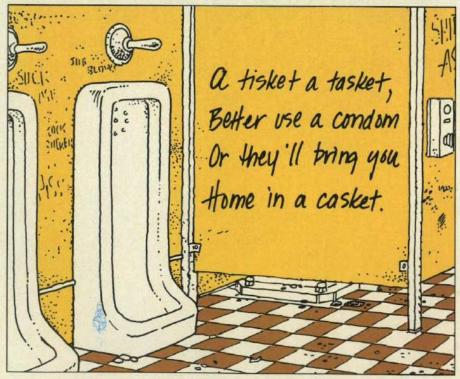
HUSTLER COMES ALIVE

I have been an avid reader of HUSTLER for many years, and have enjoyed it very much. I have never had the urge to write Feedback before, however, I was really taken by your beautiful centerfold, "Caroline" (May '87). She almost seems alive in the photos, projecting herself right out of the picture. I would like to see more of her, and would like to know if videotapes of her are available. Is she performing anywhere? I would appreciate any information you could give me. —M. J.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFILTHY



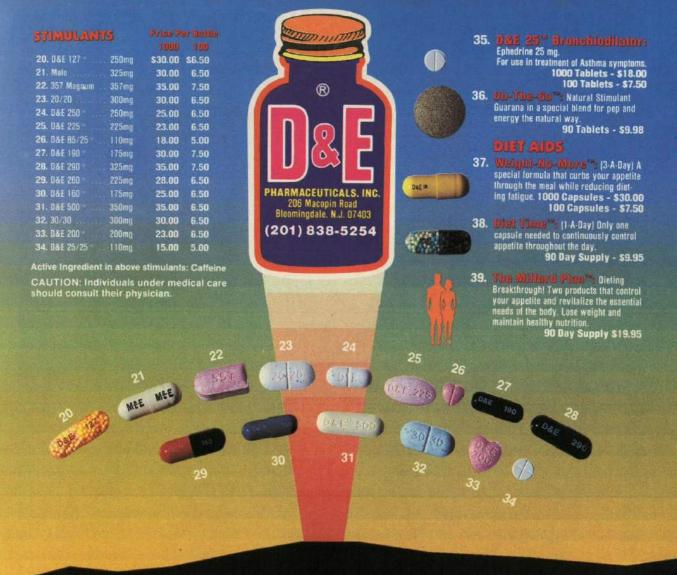
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LESBIAN ROLE-PLAYING MYTHS

H ad she been asked, Gertrude Stein (a well-known writer and famous lesbian) might have written, "A dyke is a dyke is a dyke." But times have changed, and these days you can no longer tell a woman's sexual preference by simply looking at her.

Several things make lesbianism hard to detect: First, more people would be suspicious of two men living together than two women. Society is largely blind to the possibility of sexual activity between women.

Second, lesbians tend to be more discreet about their bedroom habits in the presence of those outside their personal circles. Their established roles within the confines of the bedroom are usually kept private. The "butch" or "top" woman may act submissive or equal in public, but as soon as the couple gets home, she dons her "daddy" persona.

Take, for example, Marsha and Anne. They met six years

ago in San Francisco; a blind date arranged by a mutual friend. In public, both women seemed equal in aggressiveness and subtlety. But at home, the roles were quickly established. Marsha, the top, advanced on Anne, who immediately fell into the role of the submissive. Today they live together in a one-bedroom apartment that Marsha pays for and Anne maintains. In bed, Marsha loves to strap on her favorite dildo and fuck Anne hard. There is no reciprocation—although Anne does eat Marsha and finger her, dominance is clearly in Marsha's court. She is the household's breadwinner, dominant in every phase of the relationship.

Research published in Homosexualities, A Study of Diversity Among Men and Women revealed that lesbians tend to have longer-term, more stable relationships than gay men. On the



BY BUNNY BIXLER

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and-ultimately-to make you a much better lover.

average, authors Alan P. Bell and Martin S. Weinberg found that women stay together at least four years. They also found "cruising" is limited, and that most women have had few sexual partners. Among gay males, however, relationships are almost always shorter, with men having a considerably greater number of sexual partners.

So what exactly do lesbians do? Their lovemaking is broken down into obvious choices of activity: masturbation, either of themselves or their partners, cunnilingus, or the use of sex toys in combination with either or both of these.

Interestingly enough, Bell and Weinberg found sexual experience had little to do with anything other than age—as women spent more time in their lesbian relationships they naturally expanded and tried out new and different techniques.

Masters and Johnson found most lesbians have their first sexual relationship with women

at age 22. These women are likely to have—initially—a more limited field of experience than women who have been in a long-term relationship. Cyndi, a 23-year-old graduate student, is currently involved in her first lesbian relationship. She and her poetry professor have been seeing each other for six months, and Cyndi has just moved into her professor's home.

Before they met, Cyndi's homosexual experiences were limited to fantasy activity. She had never so much as kissed a woman in reality, although she had, in her dreams, been fucking women for years. Now, Cyndi is learning to realize those desires with an actual human being instead of a vibrator. Like many other young lesbians, Cyndi is eager to expand her field of experience.

"When we first met," she said, "I didn't want to think of myself as a lesbian. I lied to myself, pretending that every woman enjoyed masturbating to thoughts of having another woman's mouth on her cunt. My fantasies were so strong, though, that I eventually accepted that maybe what I wanted most was to be doing this.

"It was hard to go out looking for a woman at first. I had no idea what kind of person I was interested in. Then I realized that I was looking not just for firm tits or a nice box—I wanted someone I could love, and who could love me.

"I needed to make the transition from fantasizing about a life to realizing one. The fact that I was young and attractive made me happy, but I was also nervous because I had no experience.

"But that's one of the things Judy loves most about me-that I'm willing to try anything we can come up with."

Studies show that younger women are more apt to try new practices than older women, who may be set in their ways or inhibited about their sexual acts.

Case in point: Lissa and Joan. Lissa is 21 and Joan is 36. They met at a pickup bar in Los Angeles eight months ago, and have been living together for the past three months. Joan has considered herself exclusively homosexual for the past six years, yet Lissa (who has only been having sex with women for a year) is a

much more accomplished bed partner. Lissa is the more feminine of the two, but she is also more sexually adventuresome. Joan had never had any type of S&M exposure before she met Lissa, but now they often utilize handcuffs or blindfolds as part of their sexual ritual.

Lissa has also introduced Joan to the art of fisting-something Joan was always curious to explore, but too afraid to try.

"I never knew sex could be so easy," Joan said in an interview. "Lissa is so spontaneous, so joyful, that I can't help going along with what she suggests. With her, I feel like I'm experiencing lovemaking for the first time. I'm free to do whatever comes into my head, and that helps me enjoy sex so much more."

Many younger lesbians are similar to Lissa in their desire to explore their fantasies. Older women seem to be set in their ways or influenced by social pressures, and tend to repress their fantasies.

For many, therapy is the answer. Andrea, a 29-year-old accountant, has been exclusively lesbian for nine years. She has drifted from one relationship to another, always remaining distant from her lovers, though always wanting more from herself and her partner. Right now she's involved in therapy to discover exactly what she wants in any relationship. She sees Liz, a professional surrogate partner.

One phase of Andrea's therapy covered her feelings about cunnilingus. "I always liked it when my partner went down on me," she explained. "Even as long ago as when I was sleeping with men. But I feel like I can't relax sexually anymore-I'm always worrying about how long I'm taking or how I look. Then I start to think that my partner is wondering why I can't come. Then I get so nervous I really can't come, and I feel terrible. I feel like I can't give or receive anything from the woman; then I withdraw completely. Relationships end because I'm embarrassed to continue them." In an effort to overcome this, Liz eases

In an effort to overcome this, Liz eases Andrea into an adjusted understanding of what lovemaking is about. In a safe setting (neither Andrea's home nor Liz's office), the therapist shows Andrea films of women enjoying sex, including cunnilingus. She keeps verbal communication open with Andrea during the films to get her reaction. As these sessions progress, Liz begins to touch Andrea, recreating the action onscreen.

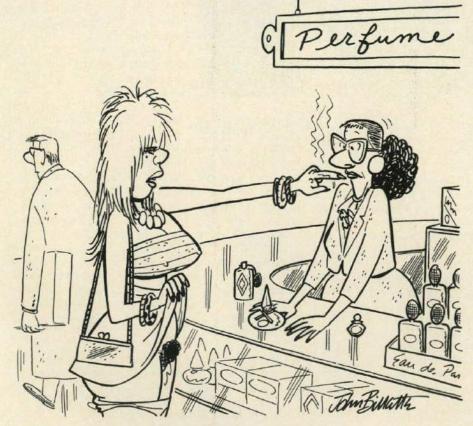
First, Liz caresses Andrea, stroking her face, then her breasts. As the sessions progress, so does the intimacy created between the two women. After a few weeks, Andrea feels comfortable taking her clothes off while they both watch the films. Liz is aware of Andrea's desire to reach orgasm through her partner's oral stimulus, and slowly works her way toward this goal.

By the time the sessions are complete, Andrea has allowed Liz to suck her breasts, lick her entire vaginal area, and stimulate her clitoris directly. Although she does not achieve orgasm from the first attempts, eventually she will be able to do so.

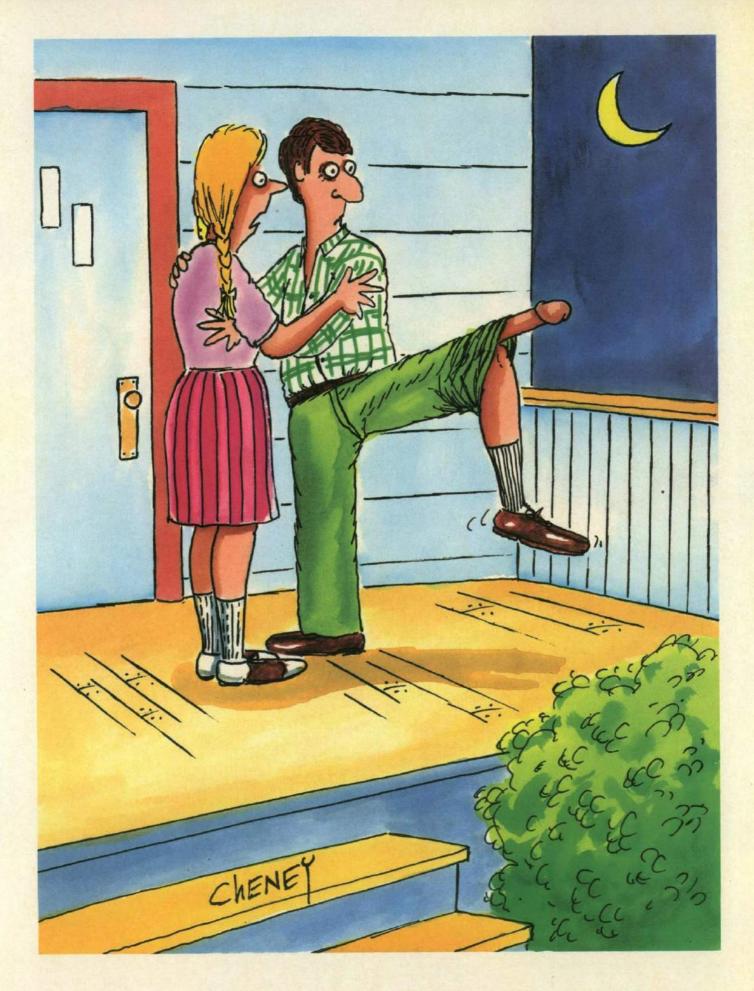
But what of the set "roles" lesbians are supposed to assume? More and more we are finding they simply don't exist.

For every couple like Marsha and Anne, who have clear "male" and "female" responsibilities at home and in bed, there are many couples like Lissa and Joan. Or Cyndi and her lover, who are developing their own personal preferences. Bell and Weinberg find that women are loving women of their own educational and financial levels, and are exploring their sexuality with more curiosity and openness than ever before.

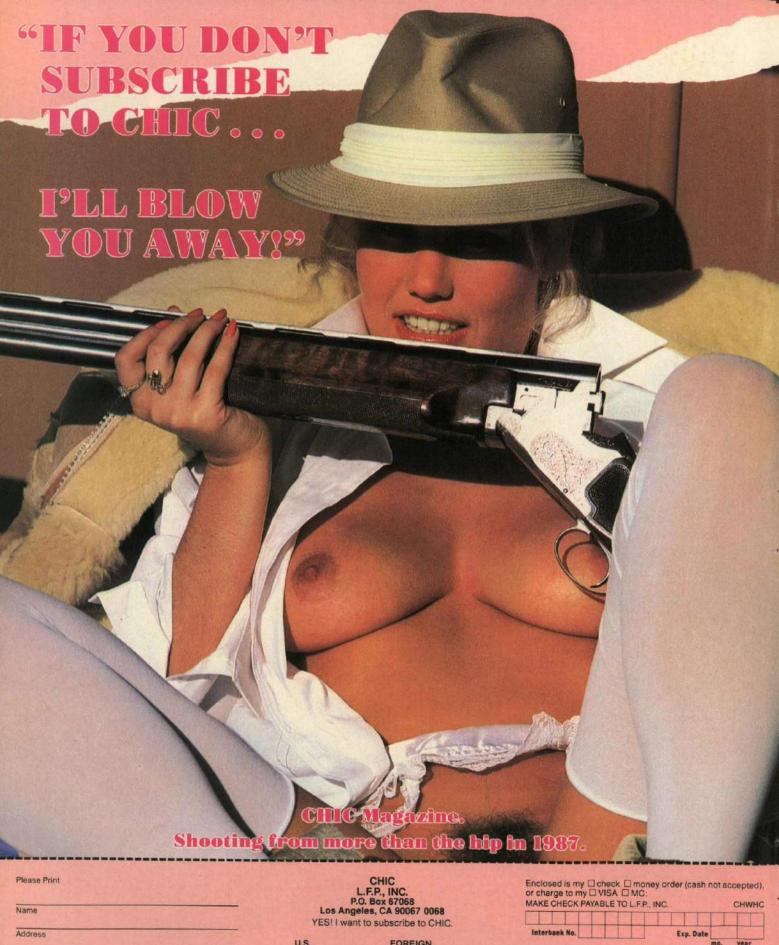
To classify these women into concrete behavior patterns would surely be inaccurate and unfair, particularly since any roles played in lesbian bedrooms can probably be compared with similar activities in heterosexual households. People in general are learning to see the role game as just that-learning to play through it instead of letting the game establish the rules for their lives.



"Got anything that smells stronger than this?"



"Arthur, is this the first time you've ever kissed a girl?"



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AGE IS EVERYTHING

Is there anything quite as exciting or exquisite as introducing a young man to the world of adult sensuality? I don't believe there is. I'm rather good with my body, and I feel that I could open a training academy for these young hunks; a sort of learn-as-you-burn method. Half of the housewives here in New Haven have slept around. I'm no different.

My husband is fair to middlin' when it comes to sex, but he quickly tires, leaving me to finish with my own fingers. I prefer the real thing, thank you. And while he's at work, I play around with the up-and-coming stars in town. A close friend first turned me on to young meat. Like myself, she's in her early 30s and goes shopping for sex by cruising near the colleges.

I did the same, and met my young lover–Dennis–there. He's a 20-year-old I spotted on the tennis courts. Since the college is in our community, we local residents are allowed to play on the courts. Denny looked perfect for the part.

I sat beside him on the splintered bench that morning we met. Denny was sweating profusely and turned beet-red when I opened my legs. His eyes were locked to my body, and I'm certain he wanted to get physical. He may have been a shy guy, but those curious eyes of his were desperately seeking to make contact—my favorite kind of sport.

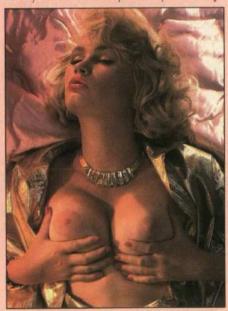
We started talking, and I was thrilled to learn he had a few more hours off before his afternoon classes. "How convenient. Perhaps you'd care to join me at my home then?" My thighs were exposed, my short tennis skirt hiking up high, and I think he wanted to lunge between my legs right then and there.

His bulging beef answered for him. Taking his hand, I led him to the car and drove home, feeling so devilish. As we pulled into the driveway, I just knew a few spying neighbors were watching, probably drooling with envy. And well they should, because Denny's dick was quite the catch of the day.

I brought him into the family room and turned the stereo to a loud rock station. "Care for anything to drink?"

"Beer would be fine," he said.

I had some chilled white wine and sat beside Denny on the sofa. Pressing my warm thigh against his leg created a chaos that was cock-and-cunt centered. He guzzled down the brew, but it wouldn't cool the fever my body heat created in him. He was beside himself, staring at my chesty bosom and my already-erect nip-



ples. "Are you attracted to older women?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, fumbling his words. "It's just that, well, I don't have all that much experience."

I took the beer from him and brought his hand to my bosom. Holding it to my heartbeat, I pressed his fingers into my doughy dirigibles and sighed. "I'll show you the way-right to my mouth and pussy."

Denny smiled and began to relax. He even explained how difficult it was for him on campus. Too many of the flighty coeds opted for the big bulls. I kissed him tenderly, assuring him he'd be able to handle those young ladies after a crash course with my cunt.

I stood and stripped for the young man, feeling like an excited virgin myself. It's always this way when I do it with a young hunk. His eyes were glued to my mammoth mams and the elongated nipples that stretched from those snowywhite mountains. He jumped from the sofa and clung to me, covering my breasts and tummy with happy, wet kisses. "Have you ever eaten pussy?" I asked, holding his head tighter to my tits. A rhetorical question if there ever was one. I had him peel away my panties so he could witness the sizzling juice sliding from my hot snatch.

Before having him gobble the goodies, I told Denny to get out of his clothing. He hurried to undress, and before long his lengthy bone was bare. A rather thinlooking specimen actually, but beneath it were two heavy hanging jewels.

I touched Denny's warm sacs and smiled, "I want to drown in your delectable sperm." But first, I pointed to my pussy, and the eager lad tumbled atop me onto the rug. Lifting my legs for him, I exposed my pinkness and told him to do it to it. He made such a fool of himself on that initial outing. He soaked me with saliva, poking his tongue to and fro at my pussy hole. With my direction, young Dennis nibbled and chewed my aching clitoris until the building climax raged from my body. I thrashed hard against him, positively coating his features with a mask of musky muff juice.

Then it was my turn. Denny stretched out on his back, and I knelt before his boner. I noticed the many etchings on the erection and all the bloody scratches and scars. "You must masturbate frequently," I said, covering his shaft with soothing kisses. I closed my lips around his cock head and sucked savagely. Denny moaned throughout the intense oral act, and his spurting climax was sudden. He coated my tongue with thick wads, and I pulled it all down.

I stroked his stalk to new hardness and had to feel it inside my rocking body. He moved between my legs, anxious to make contact too. He jabbed his joint all over

HOT LETTERS

Then I got down on all fours, thrusting my still-firm ass at him. "Fuck me like this," I said.

the place before finally sinking into the hot pink. I howled and told him to fuck me hard and fast, which he did.

He started out on top of me, chewing my swollen nipples as he rammed his youthful beefstick into my steaming tunnel. But I planned to show him the many ways a man could enter a woman. I had him lie on his back, and lowered myself onto his meat, riding his baloney pony as fast as I could. I ground my sparse pubes into his, and reached down to finger my throbbing clit.

Then, I got down on all fours, thrusting my still-firm ass at him, wiggling it invitingly. "Fuck me like this," I said. He got behind me, and I guided his tool into my pussy, which eagerly slurped it up. He pounded away while reaching around to squeeze my swinging breasts.

I decided to really blow his mind. I grabbed my ass-cheeks and spread them apart, giving him a view of my cute, pink butt-hole. "Spit on your finger, and then stick it up my ass," I ordered. He did, and when I felt my anus was sufficiently relaxed, I ordered him to butt-fuck me. He pushed his dong into my tightest hole, and proceeded to drill my pooper. I groaned in ecstasy as I twiddled my love button. It wasn't long before I felt his cock swell as he shot a hefty load of manchowder into my bowels, triggering my screaming orgasm.

As he hobbled to the bathroom, I told Denny he was a man at last. He thanked me with a confident smile, as well as another thick glob of cum in my mouth, before returning to campus.

New Haven, Connecticut

FAT CHICK WITH CHEEK

I've always admired hefty women, and since I'm a real opera freak, I dig those big-bosomed sopranos belting out arias at the Met. When those buxom nightingales gird their loins, sending chest-tones soaring, I'm ready to shoot my wad right there. I'm partial to thin chicks for fucking, but taking a dick up their skinny ass is too painful for them. So I settle for conventional copulation or blowjobs-both when I'm lucky. Then I ran into my old school chum, Linda.

She'd played string bass in our college orchestra and, in the ten years since, had grown to the proportions of one. She was huge! Her pudgy mouth opened to greet me. That chick still hadn't lost her cheek.

"Been getting any pussy lately?" was her opening salvo.

"Slim pickings right now," I admitted

I'd been horny enough all day to fuck a knothole in a tree trunk, thus that glint in her eyes was stirring my schlong. Right now her gross flabbiness was looking pretty damned tasty. She must have been on my wavelength, because those hungry eyes were taking in my half-hard manhood.

"You haven't changed a bit, always going around with a cock as stiff as a board," she remarked cooly. "Every quiff in the orchestra was hot to play your tune."

"My fucker's played duets with plenty of pussy since then."

Think maybe it could make some music with mine?" she hinted.

Thoughts of a fuck after four weeks of famine finished hardening my dick. Fat Linda noticed, mistakenly thinking that she was the reason; not knowing that anything that moved would fill the bill right now. Then, I'll be a sonofabitch, she brushed up against me, wrapping her chubby little hand around my hardness.



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Tit-for-tat I thought; so I stumbled against her when she swung around and pinched a handful of that plump ass. It was big, but deliciously soft. She got my message pronto, belting out a lusty laugh that had her appetizing mounds bouncing like jelly.

"Back in school you were strictly a front-door man," she teased.

"I've broadened my horizons."

She thought that was funny and stroked her fat thighs. "So have I, can't you tell?"

When we got to her place, I sprawled nude on a large king-size waterbed, feeling those ripples of water soothing me as her plump knees cushioned her when that monument to largeness knelt to blow my bone.

She deep-throated the whole shaft immediately. My arms stretched under her blubber to fondle her ripe nipples. I pinched hard, and she almost bit my beef from excitement. While big Linda sucked greedily with spine-tingling slurps, one chubby finger crept into my asshole to prod my prostate while the other hand moved underneath my meat to grip my gonads. She alternated jacking me off and sucking my taut rocks. I began spasming like hell, and those ripples became small waves as my whole body rocked the boat.

Hot for her own rewards, she threw her plump legs on either side of my body, then carefully guided my fat fucker through the flabby flesh surrounding her tight pussy lips on into that warm depth. The strong walls of her love tunnel slid up and down my cock shaft like a well-greased piece of precision machinery. I'll say one thing: My opinion of fat femmes was revising fast. Her graceful moves and hot conch had every nerve ending in my prick on fire.

I reared upward, wrapping my tongue around one of those wide, ripe nipples. Her movements became more aggressive, that mountain of flesh more demanding. Greasy, sticky juice started seeping, and her snatch became wide and wet as fuck strokes turned to loud slurps and slushes when her full hips urged my pecker to keep plowing.

I finally managed to slide out from underneath her. While she struggled to get that poundage up on all fours, I swung around to face her rear. God, did that big ass look inviting! It was waiting to be split open by my big boner blasting into it. I didn't wait to see if she was agreeable. I would have killed for that piece of ass.

I tugged those gargantuan cheeks apart, staring hungrily at the rosebud embedded deep in the snowy flesh. When I loosened the sphincter muscles with tingling tongue swabs, fat Linda seemed

HOT LETTERS

I took careful aim, guiding my missile toward her browneye. I rammed into her hard and fast.

on the verge of a fit. I squeezed my lips around her pucker, like a suction cup, sinking my tongue inside her anal tunnel. Linda spasmed more waterbed waves. While she reached to spread her ass cheeks, I took careful aim, guiding my missile toward her browneye, and when I felt muscles protesting, then relaxing to open for me, I rammed into her hard and fast. When I slapped her buns hard to make her throttle them for more room in that slick opening, loud guttural grunts turned to sighs of painful pleasure.

Her plush cheeks began moving backward and forward, majestically yanking and tugging on my tuchas tool, stretching it, banging it hard into her long tunnel with the strength of a jackhammer. I'd never had a chick do all the work before. Those tight sphincter muscles sucked and squeezed my dork, urging it to a faster and faster rhythm.

Linda began wailing desperately. "Dog-fuck me, honey, dog-fuck the shit out of me!"

I finally did my share, ramming in and out with a dedicated fury, balls banging hard against those cheeks like the timpani in an orchestra. I felt them contort as they worked their way up into my crotch. My body tensed, and I began howling.

That fat female moved with a ballet dancer's grace as she spun around, grabbing my fucker in her tight fist, mouth open wide for my load. She took it all, gulping my goober to suck every drop as wave after wave of schwanz sauce peppered her throat. My lover kept milking it for more, and I finally pulled out with a satisfied smile that matched hers as she smacked at the remains.

"That cum is loaded with salty protein," I reminded.

Those bountiful breasts bobbed again when my fat friend laughed heartily. "How in the hell do you think I stay so healthy?"

Whenever I encounter a healthy heifer these days, I regard her with different eyes, wondering if she stays in shape the same way fat Linda does.

-V. M.

The Bronx, New York

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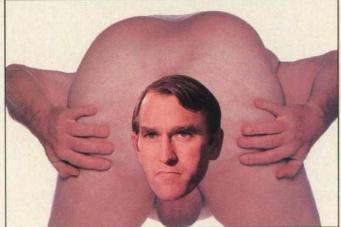
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

For lying to the American public and brazenly patting himself on the back for it, Elliott Abrams is Asshole of the Month.

The State Department assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs openly admitted that he had at least twice "misled" Congress, even claiming he was not "authorized" to tell the truth, as if honesty requires his boss's approval. In placing his interests above the American people's right to know, Abrams responded to Congressional criticism of his devious word games and questionable ethics: "I don't work for you. I work for George Shultz." Twisting words and the truth are practices expected from selfserving bureaucratic shitheels, but Abrams's spoiledbrat audacity typifies rightwing fanatics who conveniently forget that they work for the American public.

This bleeding anal eruption is the kind of bureau-

Elliott Abrams



cratic game player whose personal political interests—in his case a contra-cozying effort rivaled only by Cocksucker-in-Chief Reagan—take precedence over anything else, such as the Constitution, U.S. laws, and even the nearly forgotten concept of governmental integrity.

Originally appointed to deal with human rights, he spearheaded a report that praised El Salvador for having only 46 political killings in one year, but Nicaragua was painted black for having six such deaths.

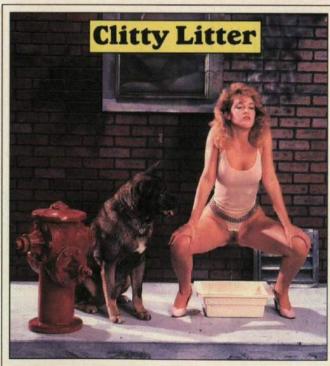
He personally acted as a bag man, traveling under an alias and meeting in a London park to close the \$10 million Brunei sheik donation to the contras. When asked by Congress about his knowledge of solicitation of contra funds from foreign sources—then illegal—Abrams denied knowing of any. He claims that he was "technically correct," since the money had not actually changed hands—Ollie North's secretary had deposited it in the wrong account.

Abrams went on to tonguediddle Congress over his awareness of North's shenanigans, proudly proclaiming that, despite being ordered to "monitor Ollie," Abrams was careful "not to ask Col. North questions I didn't need to know the answers to."

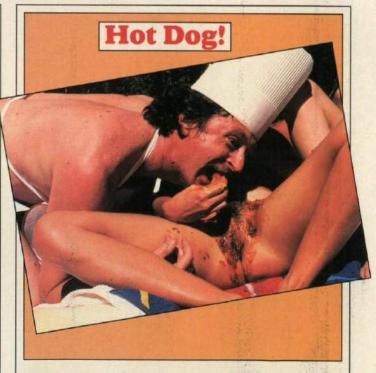
One Department employee claims he was canned by Abrams because the results of the employee's analyses of political situations didn't coincide with Abrams's political views, but then neither do the views of the majority of Americans. It's time for citizens to fire Elliott Abrams and the scum who brought him from the outhouse to the White House.





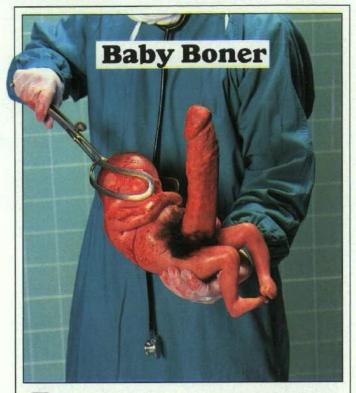


hen you're out walking the streets all day, there's not always time to step inside and relieve yourself. That's why you deserve Clitty Litter, the portable scented sandbox that lets you piss your cares away. Just squat and shoot, with no mess to clean up later. It's the second-best friend your pussy can have.



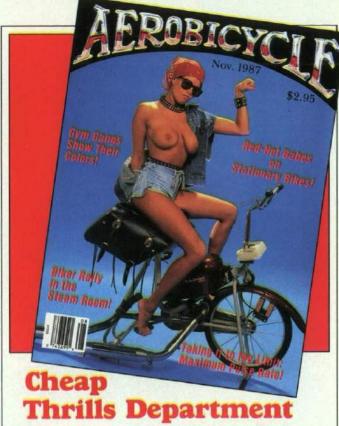
orn auteur Bill Margold is seen here in Vidco's Born to Be Maid. His mouth-watering performance is proof that it's not just the meat, but the motion

that counts. Video is among those companies pioneering "safe sex" videos; this particular sequence is intended to remind all young people not to fuck without condiments.



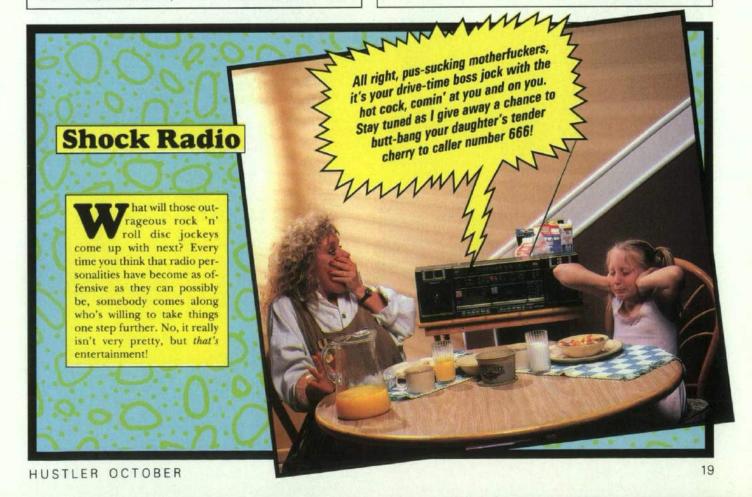
ohnny's parents weren't taking any chances. They always dreamed of raising a young stud and future porn star. Luckily, at a hospital in Sweden, surgeons were willing to perform the controversial organ transplant necessary to

ensure little Johnny's success. Unfortunately, the amount of blood required to sustain his new cock has left Johnny's brain completely drained of any nourishment, but that shouldn't be much of a problem in his future line of work.



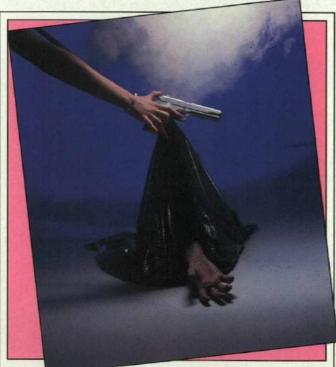
n the health-conscious '80s, dangerous motorcycles may be out, but that doesn't have to mean a total end to the biker lifestyle. This publication attempts to capture some of the excitement

formerly associated with the world of outlaws on the open road, minus the risk of bloody flesh splattered all over the highway. Okay, it's not much of a substitute, but get used to it—this is the boredom era.



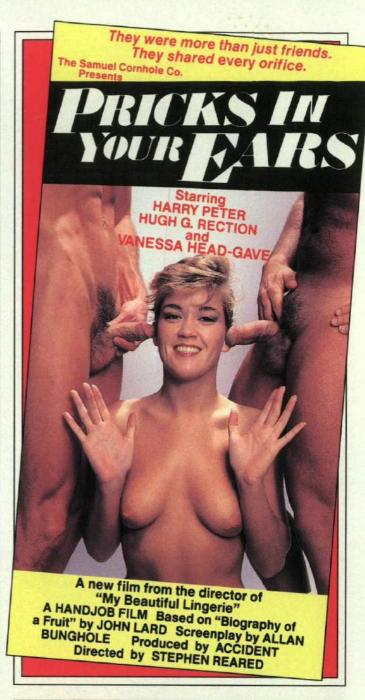
Great Moments With Ronnie "Yeee-hah! Bring on those Russki slickers. I'll hogtie 'em!"

President Reagan psyches-up for impending arms-control negotiations.



In the Bag

ith all the scandals erupting over illegal arms sales, it's no wonder incidents like this just get brushed under the rug. Actually, photo fantasist Rinse Dream's surreal tableau could be interpreted as an homage to feminism. Just hope your girlfriend doesn't get the wrong idea next time you tell her to take out the trash.



Si, Ortega!

icaraguan leader Daniel Ortega is truly lip-smackin' proud of his latest recipe. It isn't just for Sandinistas anymore—Chili Con Contra is now available in America. It's just Ortega's way of thanking U.S. citizens for all that covert aid to the rebels—in Nicaragua, gas is a valuable commodity.





* Sex News Bits Final

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October 1987

Something for Everyone

Amsterdam, Netherlands-The Dutch government has been making a point of stressing the use of condoms in the fight against AIDS. So it might be out of a sense of patriotic duty that a couple of entrepreneurs have opened the nation's first condom boutique in Amsterdam. The owners believe that most of their customers will be women seeking condoms for their partners. At any rate, the Golden Fleece Condomerie features 50 varieties of the product, certainly more than enough to satisfy even the most discriminating of shoppers.

Dangerous Curves

Chicago, Illinois-Dr. Nicholas Sanchez, director of Professional Health Care Specialists, claims he's found a new technique for improving women's figures. His method involves sucking the fat out of hips, stomachs and thighs and packing it into

the breasts, where it looks better. If that sounds too good to be true, that's because it probably is. Though Sanchez claims to have successfully performed the operation a half-dozen times, Dr. Eugene Courtiss, chairman of the American Board of Plastic Surgery, says it's "a very, very dangerous procedure" with "many potential complications." Well, ladies, you pay your money and you take your chances.

The Tables Turn

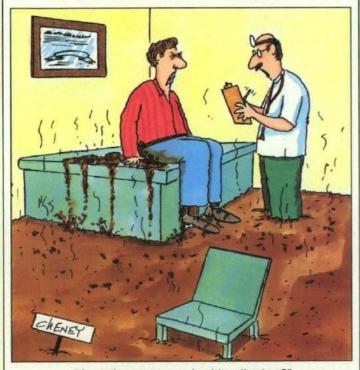
Vermillion, South Dakota-Psychologist Cindy Struckman-Johnson, of the University of South Dakota, has come up with some alarming new evidence concerning "date rape": Many aggressive women are forcing men to have sex against their will. Her findings, which have elicited little more than hoots of laughter within the academic community, are based on a survey of 623 students, in which 16% of the men admitted having been coerced into sexual intercourse. The women involved used

Porn from the Past



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Most Tasteless Cartoon



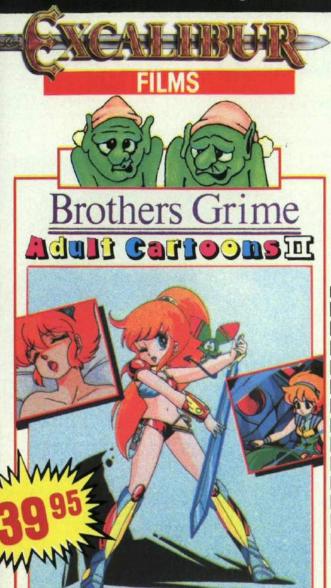
"Any other symptoms besides diarrhea?"

methods ranging from psychological pressure to blackmail and brute force. Struckman-Johnson points out that, contrary to the male stereotype, men also "feel used" when they can't say "no."

Politics, Italian Style

Rome, Italy-Porn star Ilona Staller, better known as Cicciolina, has been elected to a seat in Italy's Parliament. She explains, "I'm fighting to defend pornography because it is a moment of liberty, of confronting oneself, against the hypocrisy and sexual repression that leads to violence." Apparently, the voters were impressed by this stand, though her cause was undoubtedly helped by the fact that most of her speeches were delivered topless or entirely nude, not to mention the additional publicity garnered by her frequent appearances in shrink-wrapped magazines. Well, what can you expect from the people who elected Mussolini?

Contributors mitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-subthat two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to Lila Swedarsky. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a hu-morous feature designed to enhance our readership.



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- ☐ VIVA VANESSA THE UNDRESSER



ecause of the drastic decline in adult theaters and X-film production (90% of adult features are now shot on videotape for home viewing), HUSTLER is combining film and video reviews into one section, Erotic Entertainment. Of course, there

will always be theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere—all you have to do is find it. Regardless of the format change, HUSTLER remains committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Victor Nye; starring Megan Bradley, Paula Harlow, Sheena Horne, Brittany Stryker, Krista Lane, Peter North, Tom Byron, Billy Dee, Jason Riley, Johnny Nineteen and Mike Horner. Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

Brittany Stryker tongues tit in Sky Foxes.



Sky Foxes is an unpretentious little flick about conscientious flight attendants fulfilling their passengers' needs. Peter North really needs a blowjob; so Paula Harlow takes him into the lav and licks his shaft clean. North also get his peter sucked by Brittany Stryker, whose twat is playing hostess to a strap-on donned by Krista Lane. Sheena Horne, who impersonates a stewardess to perfection, has a fantasy fuck with Jason Riley, whose big, fat cock thrusts into her squeaky-tight pussy from behind. Horne also fucks Billy Dee, who encourages her orgasm in the same position by slapping her perfect butt cheeks. The satisfyingly nosy camera captures Harlow sliding a finger into her cunt, which is already occupied by Tom Byron's boner, and a cum-inducing view of the genital gyrations of Riley and Brit-slit Megan Bradley. It's service like this that really makes up for those aggravating airport -D. O. delays.



Foxy Megan Bradley makes a one-point landing.





This jeans-creamin' issue of HUSTLER's Erotic Video Guide pays tribute to porn's reigning raunchette, Vanessa Del Rio. Not only do we include a rundown-with pithy comments-of Vanessa's 50 best films, illustrated with rare (okay, so there's maybe a few not-so-rare) photos from her astounding 11-year career, we also toss in a sizzling centerspread of the lingam-licking Latina. Oh, yeah . . . we publish her address too. (We got it off a bathroom wall-in her apartment.) The cover says November 1987, but you can buy it at a newsstand starting August 25.



Half Erect. Directed by Nelson; starring Gail Force, Brittany Stryker, Lois Ayres, Shelly Sand, Keisha, Dan T. Mann, Steve Drake, Blake Palmer, Peter North and Greg Derek. Videocassette by High Class Productions.

Is there really any better purpose for the discovery of an aphrodisiacal potion than to use it as the basis for a sexually explicit video entertainment? We think not, especially when the seven-fuck video features flesh and fire from punk-trash tart Lois Ayres, copious-casabaed Keisha and angeleyes Gail Force. Force (who's put on a little baby fat, giving her the type of cherubic face that looks great with a plump penis in its mouth) engages in three spurt inducers, including the closing fourway grope-and-goop and double duty with Dan T. Mann and Blake Palmer. Something happens to the



face of demon-eyed Lois Ayres when she's splattered with seed, something that might cause the overenthused enthusiast to shoot right off onto his TV screen. And then there's Keisha, laid on Peter North's pipe and wide-split licking with Brittany Stryker. There isn't a first time in any of Virgin's heat, but there are also no cold fish.

-Christian Shapiro



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Angel Kelly, Shanna McCullough, Krista Lane, Stacey Poole, Dana Dylan, Jerry Butler, Mike Horner, Billy Dee and Herschel Savage. Videocassette by Fantasy Home Video.

As the owner of Big Mama's bar, chocolate nougat Angel Kelly plays sexual adviser to a pack of twisted-libido patrons, all of whom call her "Boss." Angel's erotic therapy begins in a cocksucking competition with Shanna McCollough on Mike Horner. Next, Jerry Butler and Krista Lane demonstrate a

need for counseling as he jerks off while Lane spouts stream-of-consciousness smut about all the cocks she wants inside her. Angel's solution is to have Billy Dee drill Lane on a men's-room floor. All this sex, as well as two ensuing threesomes and a Kelly conquest of Herschel Savage, is lensed in cream-a-vision, with truly inspiring shots of asses squatting on faces, cocks in lips, flexing cunts, the whole hole spectrum. Boss's only real problems are with plot and the tendency of its characters to philosophize. Other than that, Boss will make one-handed laborers work out.

—C. S.



The squat-shot: One of Boss's inspiring moments.

EO OF THE MONTH



Barbarian's Barbara bites big bananas.



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Robert McCallum; starring Barbara Dare, Nina Hartley, Erica Boyer, Jeanna Fine, Dina DeVille, Nikki Knights, Randy West, Peter North, Herschel Savage, Billy Dee, Scott Irish and Shone Taylor. Videocassette by Essex.

Chalk up another one for director/writer Robert McCallum. In an era of increasingly dreary pornvids, he's turned out a gem that sparkles with humor and throbs with sex. Superstarlet Barbara Dare is an engaging actress who handles the deadpan comedy of Barbarian with ease. Backed by power pussies Erica Boyer, Nina Hartley and Jeanna Fine, this Conan-with-tits near-

extravaganza becomes one of Dare's better vehicles. In the first of her two sex scenes, the tireless Barbara takes on three studs. In the final scene she fucks Randy West-to death. Meanwhile, Nina has tongued Jeanna from pink to pooper, and assisted Nikki Knights in sucking West's wienie prior to lapping Knights's snatch while being doggied by West. For her part, Boyer lays a killer blowjob on Scott Irish. This is followed by a great tit-fuck, but the ensuing pussy-probe annoyingly consists of the same two shots repeated over and over.



Randy West aims to please Nikki Knights.

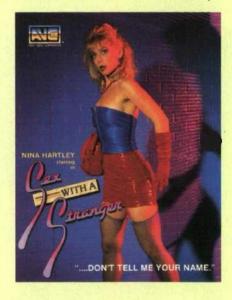
The big news, however, is Jeanna Fine, who goes down, down, down on Peter North's giant Johnson in a deep-throat demo that will make your balls rumble. North, of course, responds with his own trick: shooting a load over her head and probably onto the shoe of the lighting assistant. Blessed with a witty script, betterthan-average sound and musical score, and a cast of luscious labes, Barbara is a barbarian you'll want to take home. -D. O.



One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Cris Monte; starring Sheena Horne, Keisha, Nina Hartlev. Ebony Aves, Randy West, Scott Irish and Greg Derek. Videocassette by Adult Video Corporation.

Sheena Horne outshines everyone in this tale of seven heirs who gather to hear the reading of a will. Starting with a solo dildodrill, the squeaky-voiced beauty goes on to get a wild hump from Scott Irish, who slaps her butt cheeks juicy red while he ramrods her pussy. Her sapphic slurp with Keisha is equally thrilling. Bland grinds between Nina Hartley and Greg Derek, and Randy West and Ebony Ayes tend to bog down the proceedings. The orgy at the end peps things up somewhat, but Sex With a Stranger is mostly porn by rote. An annoying score and bad audio further dampen the doings.

-Sam Lowry





Pouty Brittany Morgan hat all the Throbbin is about.



Shot on Video

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Brittany Morgan, Rick Savage, Bionca, Damien Cashmere, Jessica Wylde, Buck O. Rogers, Bob Martin, Scott Baker, Jose Duval, David Christopher and Jace Rocker. Videocassette by Vidco.

This cheapie isn't without charm, but its overall low quality and general goofiness work against it winning a big audience. Pudgy Southern bimbo Brittany Morgan and Rick Savage play a couple of shy folks who work for a large charitable organization that is just about to be ripped off by Buck O.

Rogers and Jessica Wylde. At a costume party Savage becomes "Throbbin' Hood," links up with some horny helpers, catches the bad guys and wins the love of Maid Marian-meaning a blowjob and a fuck from Morgan. The story, which has a few instances of genuine humor, is interrupted five times by sex scenes of only middlin' intensity. The best one pits long; lean Bionca with Damien Cashmere and Jace Rocker. Bionca and Morgan also take time out for a slit-slurping session, but the action is merely adequate. With so many videos being produced these days, they can't all be great-Throbbin' Hood isn't. -Rob Peters



Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Krista Lane, Shanna McCullough, Mike Horner, Jon Martin, Nikki Knights, Billy Dee, Gayle Sterling and Brooke West. Videocassette by Cal Vista.

Grind!, another story detailing the sexual awakening of a prude, is an above-average sexer. What prevents this pornvid from achieving true greatness is that there isn't quite enough fucking. However, the overall quality, intensity and intelligence of the tape help make up for this weakness. The performers are all in fine form: Krista Lane is the knowing slut; Jon Martin plays her husband. Mike Horner is the friend with a problemand the problem is Shanna McCullough, his wife. She's sexually repressed and unwilling to experiment. Lane offers to relieve the pressure; so Horner bones his buddy's bride with gusto as Martin looks on. This is a very exciting scene, despite the absence of a visible wet shot. After still more frustration with his mate, Horner returns to the comforts of the Lane/Martin household while Nikki Knights is paying a visit, and the sucking, 69-ing and pussy porking that ensue are the hottest on the tape. It's a little bit off the beaten path, but if you're interested in quality carnality, this tape will make you eager to get back to the Grind!



Newcomer Nikki Knights raises the temperature in Grind!



Half Erect. Directed by Brian Jones; starring Gail Force, Breezy Lane, Melinda Lee, Blondi, Joey Silvera, Peter North, Kevin James, Frank James and Tony Montana. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

Though cheaply produced—the main action takes place in one room, with segues to a bedroom for sex—The Gentlemen's Club makes a stab at drama with its minimal exploration of the relationships in a group of five men. Unlike its mainstream pro-



Kinky Vision: Brittany Stryker burns her candles at both ends.



Half Erect. Directed by Edwardo Dinero; starring Brittany Stryker, Lori Lovitt, Penny Morgan, Mauvais DeNoire, Martha, Steve Powers, Steve Drake, Kevin James and John Simmons. Videocassette by Expert Video.

Kinky Vision looks as if it were made by ardent fans of the old 8mm-loop days: It has the same hand-held camera movements, jerky zooms, and even the same dingy yellow walls and glassy-eyed girls who really fuck. The only redeeming aspect of this tape is the down-and-dirty style of the sex action. And it is dirty. Kinky starts off with Lori Lovitt squeezing tit juice into a bowl of cereal that Kevin James eagerly devours. Brittany Stryker's first sex act is a blowjob, and she takes a steamy wet shot right in the face. She later gets her pussy ravished, takes a cock in her butt-hole, and provides the ass and cunt for a double penetration. Penny Morgan and Martha share a quiet, loveydovey lesbo number that won't make your heart skip, but Mauvais DeNoire really screams her way through a pussypounding session. Kinky Vision is a bargain for those who prefer their porn without frills. -Lenny Wilde

genitor, The Men's Club, this version is short on talk and long on sex-which, ironically, is one of its problems: The sex scenes are all a bit too lengthy. Additionally, there's a formula quality to much of the screwing that imposes a sort of ho-hum aura on the carnal proceedings. The livelier fucks are the Joey Silvera/Breezy Lane boff, which climaxes in a stupendous tit-fuck, and a sweaty, intense Blondi/Tony Montana beaver-bash. All in all, this tape would have benefited from more ungentlemanly behavior.

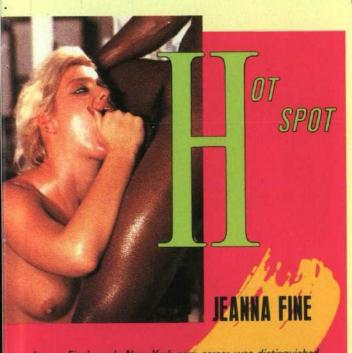


Half Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Colleen Brennan, Nina Hartley, John Leslie, Joey Silvera, Cristoph Clark, Melissa Rio, Raffael Schumann, Jena Collins and Carina. Videocassette by Caballero Home Video.

Any movie that expects its audience to believe that a man can come on his wife's face in broad daylight and not recognize her because she wears a mask of feathers around her eyes will also expect viewers to be enthralled by a hackneyed story of a man visiting a brothel where his wife secretly works. Expect all this, plus strained dramatics and conversations devoid of communication, from the Franco-American Lady by Night. Also, be prepared for penis-popping prurience, starting with the slow, continental foreplay of Cristoph Clark, who brings Nina Hartley to three putative H-bomb orgasms before he even gets his pants off. Once the trousers drop, Hartley plops on top, sticking a finger up her dancing asshole as cock crowds her cunt. In a later liaison, John Leslie shoots jizz directly onto Hartley's tongue, applying a thick, protective coating to its entire length. And watch for the choad at both ends of English Rod Stewart lookalike Carina, and the sweaty, steady shit-slam of exotic Melissa Rio by Joey Silvera. Like a stupid but beautiful woman, tune out the talking, and Lady will do for an off night. -C. S.



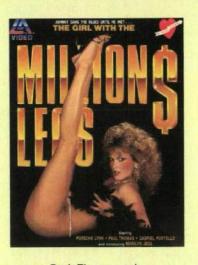
Eurostud Cristoph Clark plants his warhead in Nina Hartley's silken silo in Lady.



Jeanna Fine's early New York porn career was distinguished mainly by her being the prettiest girl in a string of cheap, shoton-a-lunch-hour videos. Then she moved to the West Coast, and something happened: Jeanna learned to suck-no, throat-cock. All of a sudden she was putting Little Oral Annie in the shade by huffing choad like a sideshew sword swallower. Jeanna says she doesn't know how she does it, but that it's no accident. "I wanted to improve my cocksucking." Is Jeanna Fine the Linda Lovelace of the '80s? You decide. Barbara the Barbarian, Heat Waves and The Bride will influence your vote.

THE GIRL WITH THE MILLION DOLLAR LEGS

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jack Remy; starring Porsche Lynn, Paul Thomas, Gabriel Pontello, Marilyn Jess, Caroline Paris, Lisa Berenger, Doris Folk, Barbara Braun, Dominique St. Clair, Rocco Lorenzo, Andre Kay, Danny Verneauville and Blaise Nagel. Videocassette by L. A. Video.



This Franco-American fuckfest casts Paul Thomas and Porsche Lynn as expatriate Americans in Paris. The remainder of the cast is European. It's the new faces and variety of sex that make Girl something to recommend-not the direction, pacing, story or dialogue, which are only so-so. The real find is Marilyn Jess, a stunning French fuck-hole who's a genuine beauty with a hearty appetite for cocks and cunts in various combinations. Caroline Paris, Barbara Braun and Lisa Berenger are also tres hot. Fast and frisky two-ways include Gabriel Pontello bunger-banging Braun and, in separate scenes, Porsche treats Thomas and Eurostud Danny Verneauville to some vigorous bed-bouncing. And let's not overlook fuckhungry Doris Folk, a slutty brunette with petite tits who sucks with a vengeance and accepts a beefy ass/pussy doublepenetration with remarkable joie de vivre. A beautiful cast, sumptuous sets and a good assortment of semen-sodden sex -R. P. make Girl worth its weight in hard-ons.



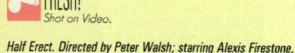
Cabaret Sin: Greg Derek and Candi Evans trespass in this hazy den of iniquity.



Totally Limp. Directed by Scotty Fox; starring Sheena Horne, Marisa, Brittany Morgan, Bionca, Jessica Wylde, Bob Martin, Damien Cashmere and Rick Savage. Videocassette by Moonlight Entertainment.

In most cases a running time of only 67 minutes would be considered a cheat. In this case it's a blessing. Extreme Heat is such a jumbled mess of dumb plotlines and dull sex that the end doesn't come a moment too soon. Sheena Horne is supposed to be the star, but she only gets fucked once. The girl who does all the work is newcomer Marisa. Too bad none of her three sex scenes come alive. She sucks dick like a borderline catatonic, and looks bored to tears while Damien Cashmere is pumping her pussy. The direction and photography are uniformly bad: We get lots of shots of the backs of girls' heads while they're giving it, for example Extreme Heat generates none, it just leaves the viewer with a bad burn.







Fresh!, as the title of a fuckvid, conjures dreadful images of stale scenarios, shopworn orifices and rotted, decayed sexuality. Oddly, Fresh!, a detective story in which everybody's fucking somebody on the sly, is neither stale, shopworn nor decayed and rotting. Especially far from being shopworn, etc., is Jeanna Fine who, judging from the lube oozing out of her cunt, coating her butthole and sliming down her ass crack, must have the tightest poon in porn. Siobhan Hunter, spread wide and writhing, savoring thick, blunt instruments in all four lips, is also still long on shelf life, as is teeth-clencher, lip-wrencher Alexis Firestone-though somewhat less so. The color, lighting and quantity of successfully launched loads here is much better than most current New York product, and the story, complete with a clever twist ending, is no more lame than Murder, She Wrote. But with a cast of only six, all the fucking starts looking familiar, and you forget that it's Fresh!. -C. S.

Siobhan Hunter, Jeanna Fine, Michael Knight, Damien Cash-

mere and Randy Paul. Videocassette by Video-X-Pix.



Half Erect. Directed by Phillip O'Toole; starring Krista Lane, Greg Derek, Candi Evans, Keisha, Leslie Winston, Kevin James, Lori Lovitt, Tom Byron, Bunny Bleu, Tex Anthony, Herschel Savage and Tish Ambrose. Videocassette by Standard Video.

Set in a future world inhabited by androids, robots, soldiers of "The System," and Candi Evans, Cabaret Sin is a decadent nightspot where unusual sex acts-make that usual sex acts in unusual costumes and makeup-are performed for an audience equally unusually got up. The hazy, smoky look-reminiscent of a two-alarm fire-that pervades Cabaret is better for a dream sequence than an entire movie, and the musical score, while impressive, tends to batter the viewer/listener relentlessly. This is really a soundtrack in search of a film. Sexually, there's not much to recommend beyond a hot Krista Lane/Greg Derek 69 and fuck. The rest is standard porn sex-except for the male/male action in a Bunny Bleu threeway, which has the initially disapproving cabaret audience cheering at its conclusion. You may cheer too, but if your appreciation of shock value is nonexistent, or your curiosity or tolerance levels are low, you'll only cheer because the scene's over. There's already a sequel to Cabaret. Let's hope there's more Sin in it.



This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on videocassette.

Fully Erect

byface 2 (F) Club Ecstasy
Devil in Miss Jones IV (F) Taboo V (F)

Three-Quarters Erect

ep Throat II (F) ic Vices (F) Heat Waves John Leslie Is all For His Ladies et's Get it On with Amber Lynn (F) Little Shop of Whores phette Does Hollyw The Best Little Whorehouse in Hong Kong The Load Warriors (F)

Half Erect

Body Games roadway Fanny Rose ream Lovers ious Lucy in Love Out of Town

Escort to Ecst ies at Eleve The Gail Force and Friends XXX-Workout Wet Dreams 2001

RATING GUIDE

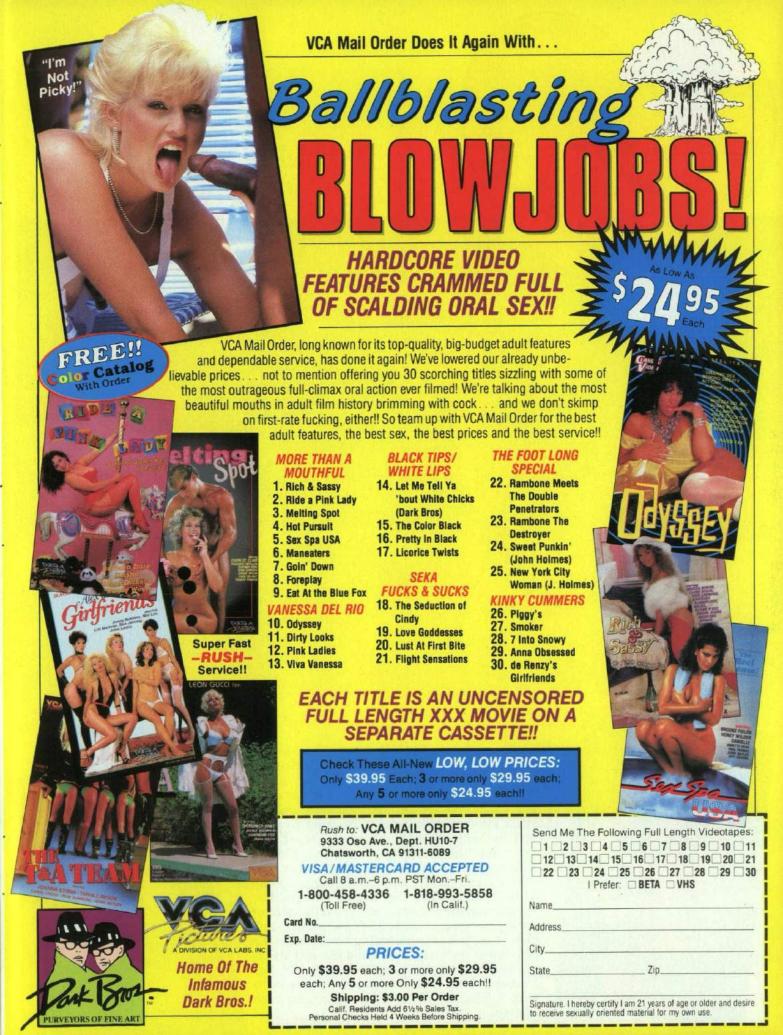
FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Above average. Hard-on material

HALF ERECT Standard fare. Has moments.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.

TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.







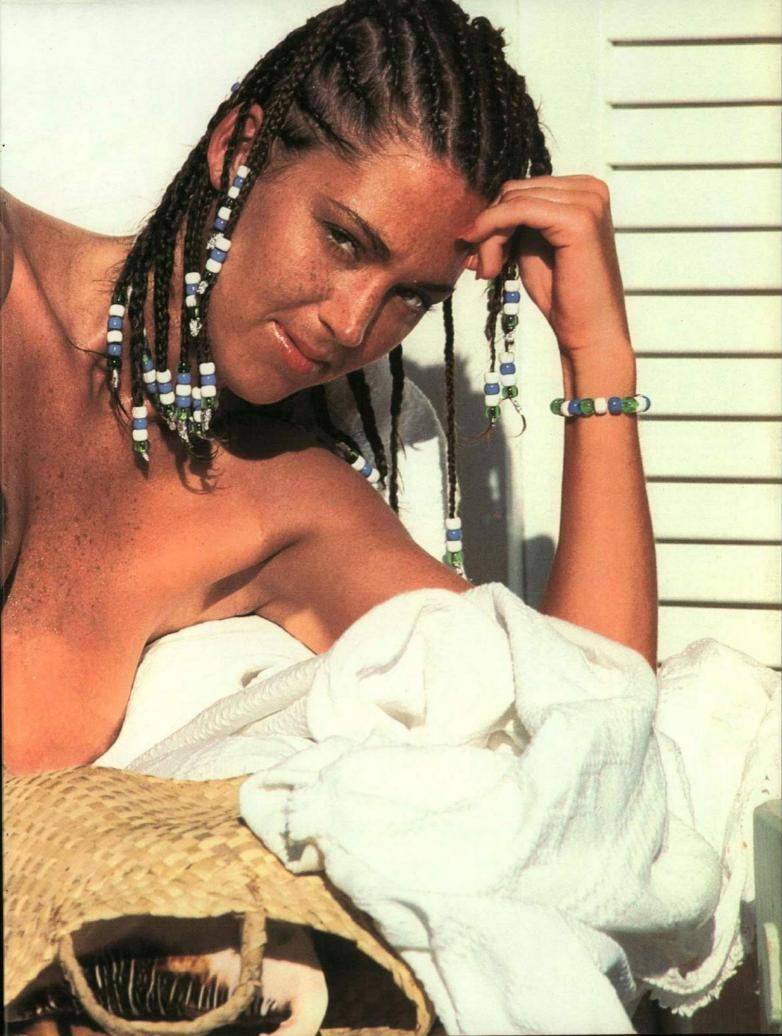










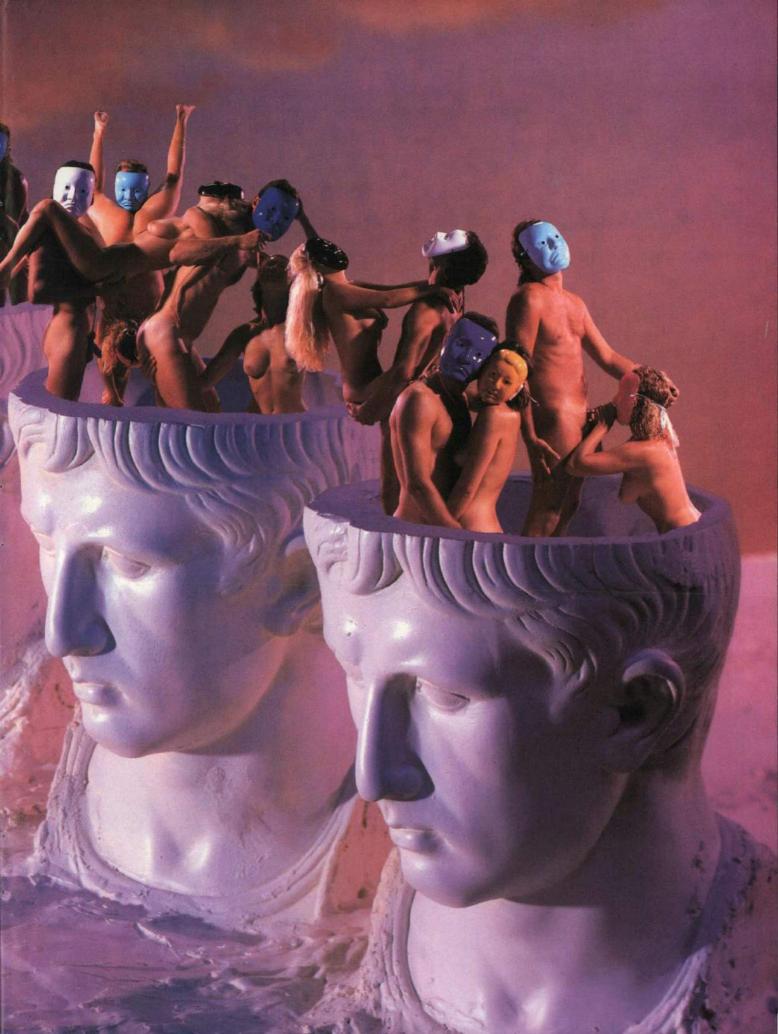


GOOD SEX Missibe MIND

by Brad Steiger

Sadly enough, for far too many men, the joy of sex has become the joke of sex. Take Sam, for example. He simply cannot deal with the new, aggressive female of the '80s. He feels that the male is always supposed to take the sexual lead, and when a lady comes on to him and starts making suggestive overtures, he chokes on his drink, mumbles something about a sudden assignment to Outer Mongolia and heads for the door.

Bill has another problem. He suffers from the insecurity of believing his penis is too small to satisfy a woman. Although he is just a bit shorter than the international average of six inches, his inexperience and fears cause him to visualize his sexual equipment somewhere in the range of a pinto bean with two peas. The more worried he becomes, the more the fight-and-flight mechanism shrivels his organ. To paraphrase Descartes: He thinks, therefore, he shrinks.



Mental techniques can convert you into a sexual animal without sending away for Bangkok whizzers.

Then there is Tony, who's always considered himself one of the great, legendary studs. To hear him tell it, the world is full of women whimpering in memory of his sexual prowess. But now that he's nudging 50, certain awkward changes have taken place. Nookie too often means numb nuts rather than nocturnal bliss. Tony is continually frustrated that his brain remembers how to make love, but his passion muscle seems to have suffered amnesia.

By following a series of simple, easy-tounderstand mental exercises, each of these men can be transformed into a powerful lover-self-assured, yet considerate; forceful, yet gentle. Their powers of endurance can be extended; their sensitivities can be accentuated; their ability to transmit and to receive sexual vibrations can be wired to maximum volumeall by practicing techniques that correctly employ mind over matter.

If you are plagued by fears of sexual inadequacy, sensual incompetence or romantic failure, there's no need to spend big bucks on special therapy, exotic aphrodisiacs or weird appliances. Mental

techniques can convert you into a sexual animal without sending away for any mail-order Bangkok whizzers.

"Surely, everyone has heard the old adage, 'It's in the mind," says Frances Pascal Steiger, a holistic counselor. "Well, it's true. You can program your mind with fantastic sexual fantasies before-and even during-sex, and permit your body to perform beyond your wildest dreams. Through repeated practice and the proper preparation, you can develop the strength and sexual prowess of a wild animal. You can bring your partner and yourself to the highest state of sexual arousal that you have ever known."

The kind of results that Frances de-

scribes are brought about with hardly any effort at all. The benefits are innumerable: control of the senses, a heightened sensuality, the enhancement of all aspects of life. By employing variations of the techniques, Frances points out, "You can improve your golf game, your stamina, your jogging, your ballgame. You can achieve whatever it is that you wish. And if that is the ultimate orgasm-so be it!" COCNCI OF CHOICE

"I enjoy a challenge, Ms. Buckley, but I also know my limitations."

Not long ago, a woman we shall call Betty brought her husband Harry to consult with Frances. The woman felt unwanted, unloved and thoroughly cheated out of pleasure by her husband's ineffective lovemaking. They were an attractive couple in their early 30s, and it was unfortunate that the bounce had long since left their marriage.

Harry walked into the office with a kind of arrogant swagger that had been assumed to hide his embarrassment. "He was making every move in as macho a way as possible to disguise his discomfort," Frances recalls with a smile. "After all, he had to assume that Betty had already told me that he couldn't get it up."

In a previous session, Betty had been frank. Harry, a handsome, athletic man, seemed no longer inspired by the sight of her naked body, even though Betty kept her body in shape with aerobics. She had already tried the skimpy nightie and belly-dance routine.

"Whatever might go on inside Harry's head," Betty complained, "just never seems to get down to the silent member of the family-his limp dick."

And the times that Harry had managed to get it up-after Betty had danced and wiggled herself into a state of near exhaustion-he had come in about four strokes. "I didn't even have time to get my bra off," Betty sighed in frustration.

Frances explained the mind-overreality uses of fantasy to Harry.

"I don't know." Harry shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "I've already got a lot on my mind with my business. I don't know if I should clutter up my mind with other stuff. And it might not be healthy to be fantasizing about sex all the time. How could it help, anyway? I mean, I've already tried using my imagination when we make . . . try to make love."

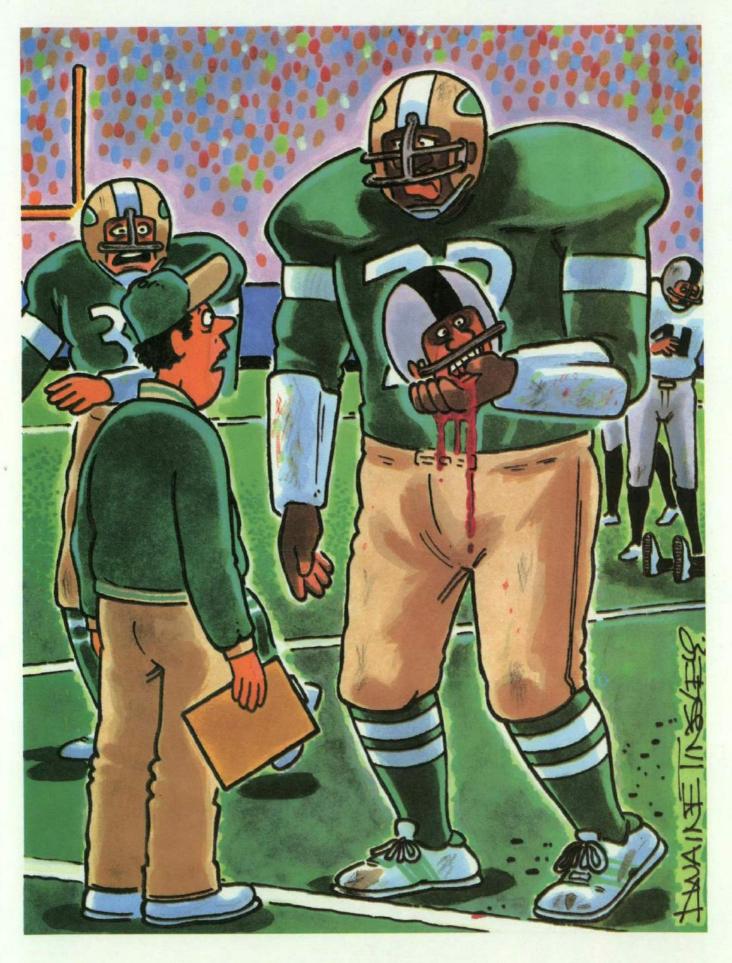
Frances was not talking about the typical fantasy of pretending to be with someone else while relieving himself with Mrs. Palm and her five daughters. Nor did she mean imagining himself with some model or starlet while getting it on with Betty.

"What I mean," Frances explained, "is enhancing your senses so that you smell, taste, feel, hear and see the sex act. So that you actually experience sex in its totality. Fantasy can put you in the driver's seat of the greatest 'ride' that you've ever enjoyed."

Soon, Harry was convinced that he had everything to gain by cooperating with Frances's guided imagery. You can use these very same techiques, and you can enjoy the very same dynamic results that Harry received by experiencing the magic of creative visualization.

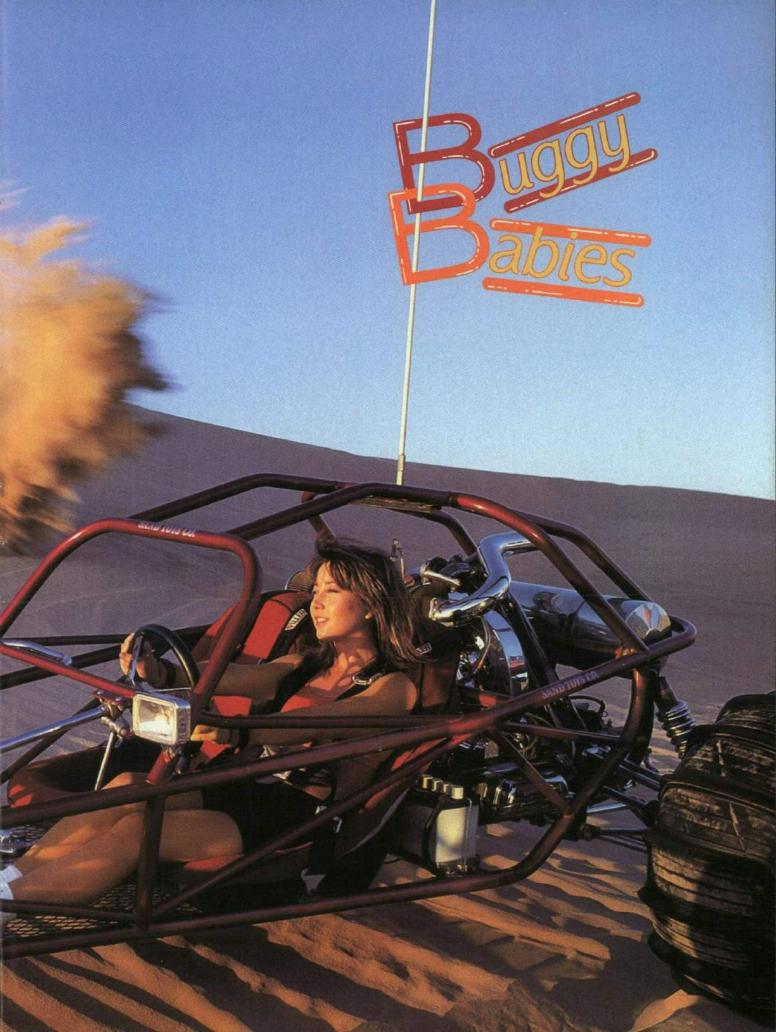
You may read the visualization, pausing now and then to reflect upon the (continued on page 88)

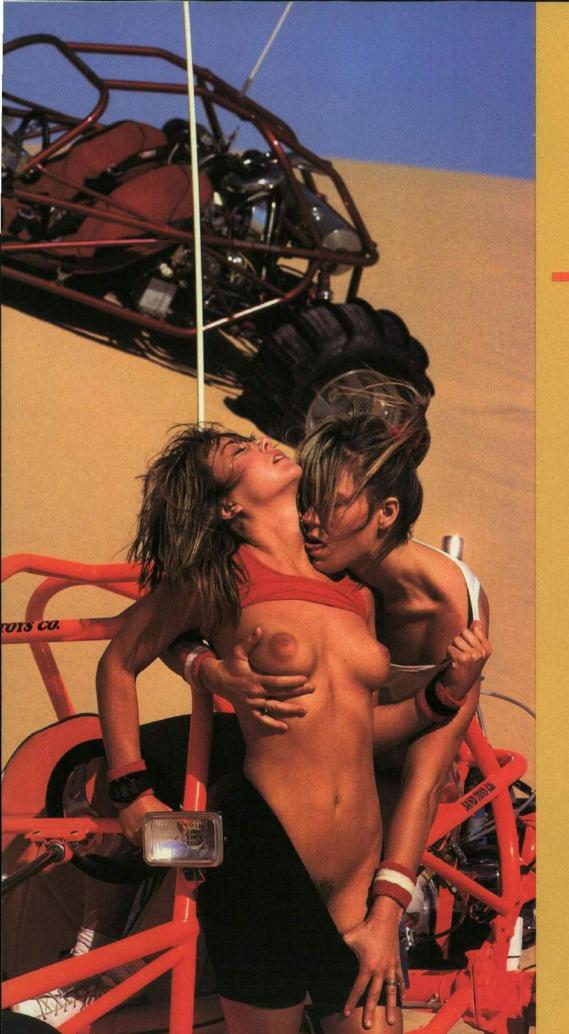
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"No, Lovell, you cannot keep it as a souvenir "

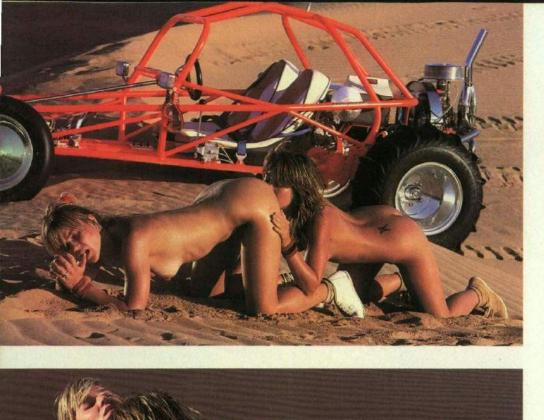






earing through the desert, Hera and Robin get stroked by the sun until they've got hotter pipes than Gatorade can cool. Solar-aided libido, and the vibrations of the souped-up engine make the girls soupy too. They pull over behind the nearest sand dune for minimum privacy and maximum exposure. Soon, they take turns barreling down each other's bare chests, slipping hands and mouths into the gulleys where flash floods of female joy juice carry away their languorous moans. Now, if they could just get the engine cranked up to their own fever pitch, they could really fly.



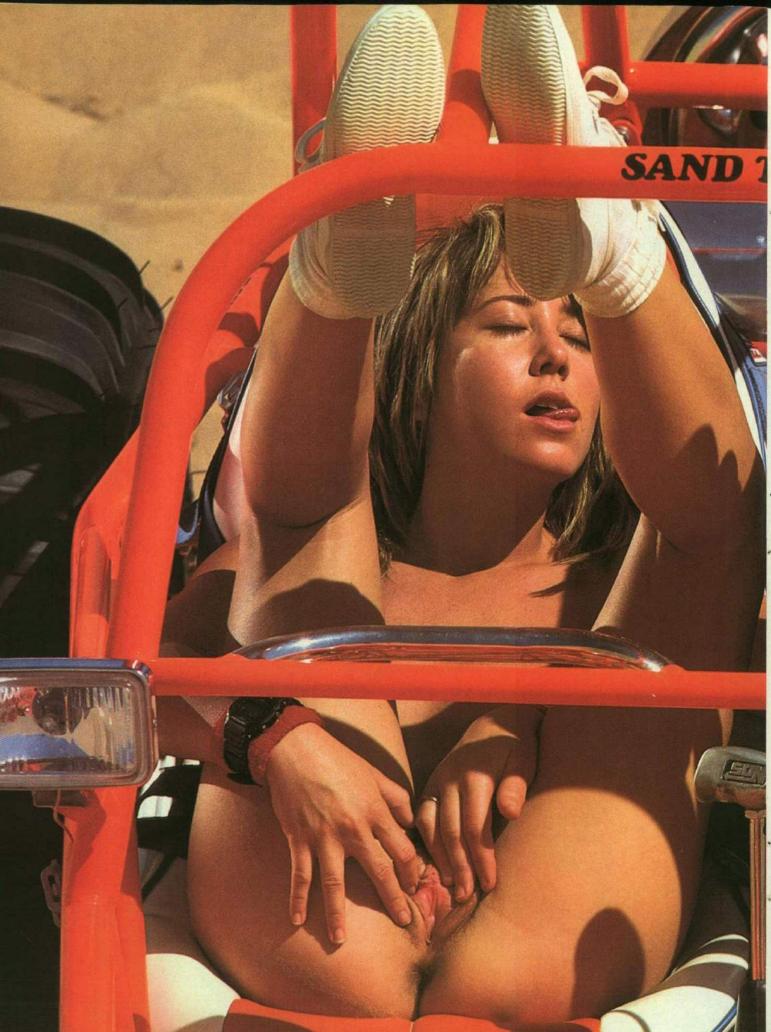


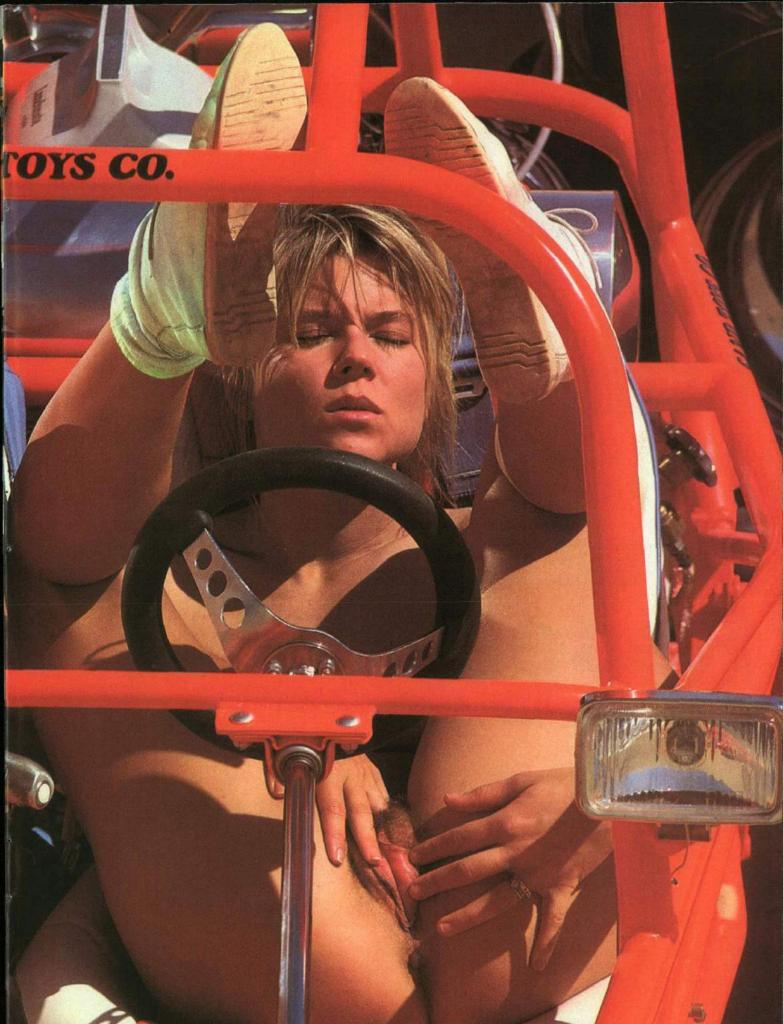












Killing Disease Research?

By Ron Chepesiuk

Infighting over glory & profits is doing more than hinder finding a cure for AIDS; it could be the kiss of death for our leading research agencies.

t had the fanfare of a media event, even though the three excited-looking gentlemen getting ready to address the jam-packed room were scientists. It was October 20, 1985, and doctors Jean-Marie Andrieu, Phillippe Even and Alain Venet had called the news conference to announce what they thought to be a dramatic breakthrough in the war against Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), the mysterious, lethal disease that has reached epidemic proportions.

They explained to the audience that their experiments had led them to believe the commercial drug Cyclosporine-A had stopped the progress of AIDS in two victims: a 35-year-old woman and a 38-year-old man. They claimed such responses had "never been seen before." The doctor did emphasize, though, that the drug was not a cure and did not destroy the AIDS virus, but prevented it from multiplying. They compared the drug to a diabetic surviving on insulin, allowing AIDS patients to live a normal life as long as they took the regular treatment.



AIDS RESEARCH RIVALRY

Scientists predict that by 1991, one of every 1,000 Americans will be carrying the AIDS virus.

One would think an announcement of a promising drug to help AIDS victims would be met with enthusiastic approval, especially from the scientific community. This news conference, however, caused a furor on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. "It's a great big joke," said Doctor Simon Wain-Hobson, an AIDS researcher at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. "You don't do an experiment on two people for a week and then call a news conference." Doctor Norbert Rapoza, a senior scientist in the division of drugs at the American Medical Association, explains: "Scientists should never make announcements like that. They should have presented their research first before a scientific body, so that it could be critiqued."

The controversial French announcement underscores the scientific world's frenetic pace to find a cure for AIDS. Twice since September 1986 announcements about new drugs have been made. Both times good news was coupled with the bad: "This is not a cure." At the National Institute of Health (NIH) in Betheseda, Maryland, calls come in almost daily from drug manufacturers

claiming to have a new treatment for the killer disease.

It is all a part of what AIDS researchers tell us is high-stakes science. On one hand, scores of scientists in the U.S. and abroad are working hard to make an experimental drug to protect us against one of history's most deadly infectious diseases. As of January 1, 1987, 113 countries had reported AIDS cases, while the official global total for dead victims of AIDS was 37,872. These statistics are sobering when we learn they don't take into account the fact that much of the worldand, indeed, Africa and Asia, the two major regions considered to be at greatest risk-almost continually underreport the total incidences of AIDS. The National Academy of Sciences coldly predicts that by 1991, one of every 1,000 Americans will be carrying the AIDS virus and that 179,000 Americans will have died from AIDS-nearly three times the number that died in the Vietnam War.

On the other hand, more than just a cure is at stake. There is national pride and the rewards—the recognition and riches—for the scientists who discover the vaccine. "It may be that they honestly thought they had a scientific break-through the world should know about," Doctor Rapoza says in explaining the hastily called news conference of the three French scientists. "But I hate to say it. I think it was for the glory."

The "glory" Doctor Rapoza refers to reveals a side to AIDS research that is complicating the search for a cure. Scientists like to portray themselves as part of a cooperative, close-knit group, dispassionately pursuing their research interests in the laboratory. But actually, scientists are not any different than other professionals. Many rivalries exist within science, and the AIDS community is no exception. They occur more than the public, or even most doctors, know about, existing to varying degrees among French scientists, American researchers, and even within the Centers for Disease Control, the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and other American agencies.

"There's a lot of cooperation, but there is also a lot to be desired," claims one AIDS researcher. "It's hard to put us in the same room and say, 'work together.' We, as scientists, are trained to use our independence and intellectual capacity and to look at the problem from our own particular expertise." Adds Doctor Paul Volberding, head of the AIDS clinic at San Francisco General Hospital, "Competition is a natural thing. Scientists who find something important want to get recognition for what they do."

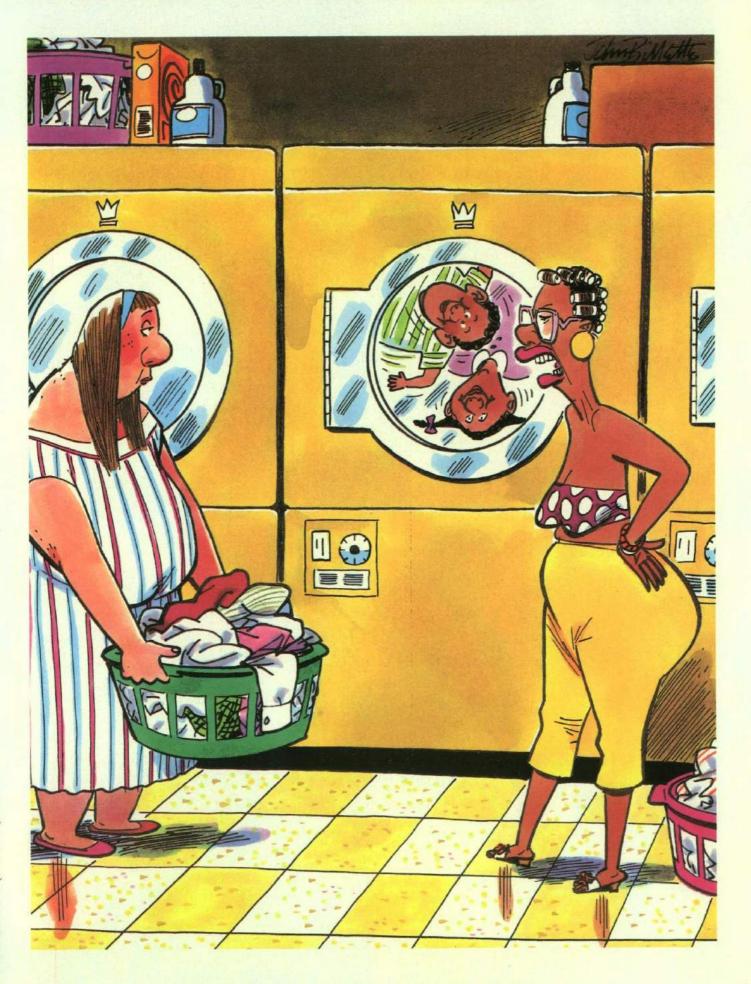
Many scientists believe competition may be a positive thing. Doctor Walter Dowdle, AIDS coordinator and deputy director of the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, says, "The whole field of science is built on competition and challenge. The nature of science is for the scientist to try to take that leap beyond his colleagues."

But the competitive streak that scientists have can also hinder their research efforts, leading, as it has done in the AIDS camp, to bickering, petty jealousies, office politics, heated charges and countercharges and the sabotaging of experiments, even while the disease threatens to become a plague.

At the international level, the rivalry involves a long-simmering dispute between two of the world's great scientific institutions—the National Cancer Institute (NCI, a branch of the National Institutes of Health) in Bethseda, Maryland, and the Pasteur Institute in Paris, France—over who should get the credit for being the first to isolate the virus that causes AIDS and who was the first to develop a blood-screening test to detect AIDS infection. The dispute, which (continued on page 100)



"There comes a time when a girl gets tired of fingering beads and fucking cucumbers. . . ."



"What 'choo be lookin' at, bitch? I can't afford no Disneyland!"









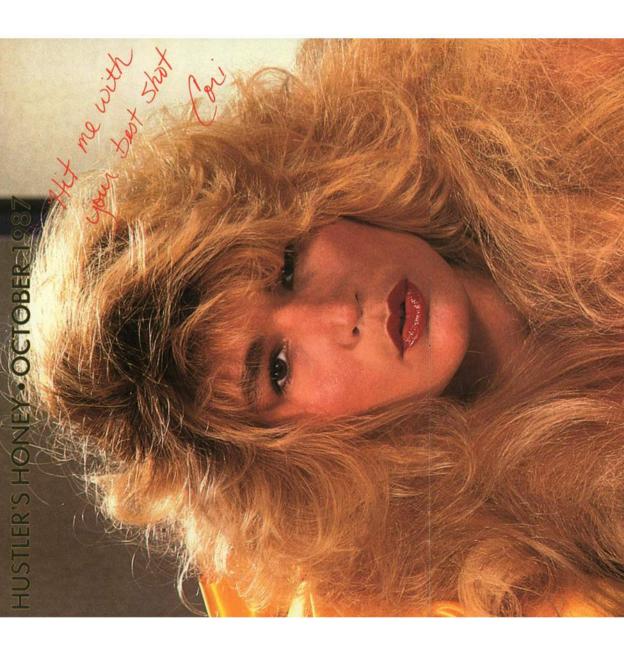


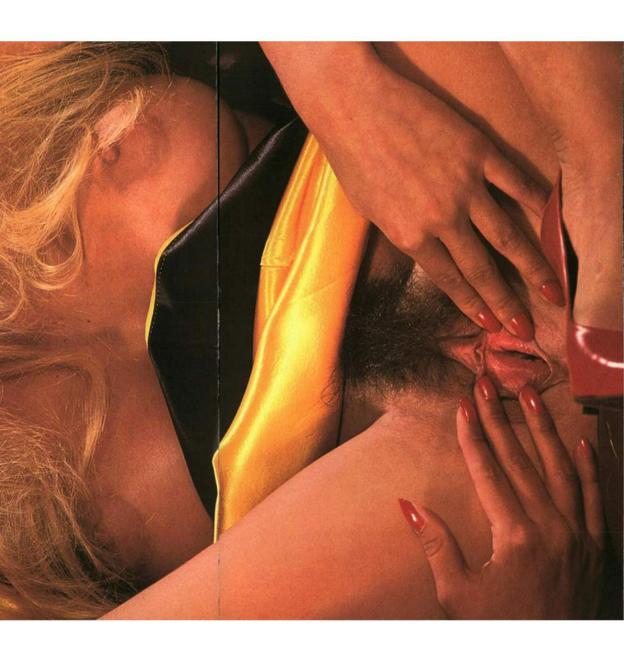
loves on or off, pugilistic Cori packs a wallop that's a TKO every time. Just one look at the powerhouse curves on our raging belle, and you'll find your brains swimming and your groin tightening like a punch-drunk fighter on Spanish fly. Best not to resist the impact-just relax on the ropes and imagine what it would be like to go down for the count with this foxy boxer.





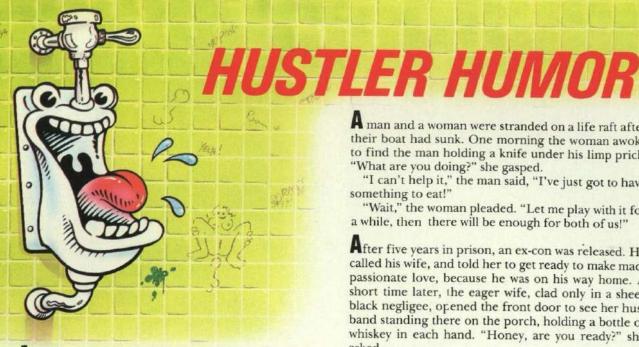












A flea was on the beach in Florida. He set up his little beach chair and was sunbathing with his little reflector when a friend of his happened to walk by. The other flea looked really beat up. The flea sunbathing looked up and said, "Hey, what happened to you? You look terrible."

"Oh," said the other flea, "I had an awful trip down here. I hitched a ride in a guy's mustache, who happened to be driving a motorcycle. It was just terrible! The wind was blowing me all over the place!"

"Well," said the flea sitting in the sun, "you did it the wrong way. Next time go to the stewardesses' lounge at the airport, hop up on the toilet seat, and when one of the stewardesses sits down, jump up into her pubic hair. It's warm, it smells good and you ride in style!"

So, the next year the same flea was on the beach with his little reflector, sunbathing, when he looked up and saw his friend. The other flea was again all mangled and beaten up. "Hey," he said, "what happened to you? Last year I thought I told you how to make this trip the right way."

"Yeah, well," said his friend, "I went to the airport, like you said. I went to the stewardesses' lounge. I hopped up on the toilet seat. A stewardess sat down. I jumped up in her pubic hair. The next thing I knew, I was in this guy's mustache on a motorcycle."

uestion: Did you hear that Larry Singleton got busted again?

Answer: He was selling arms to the contras.

A high roller was standing over a craps table in Las Vegas, shooting dice and minding his own business, when another man approached, asking for money.

"Sir, can you give me \$100? My wife's very sick, and

she desperately needs medication."

The high roller told the man to get lost.

The beggar got down on his knees, "Please, sir, it's only \$100.

"Hey," the high roller said, "how do I know that once I give you \$100, you won't go out and gamble

"C'mon," the panhandler replied, "I have gambling money!"

A man and a woman were stranded on a life raft after their boat had sunk. One morning the woman awoke to find the man holding a knife under his limp prick. "What are you doing?" she gasped.

"I can't help it," the man said, "I've just got to have something to eat!"

"Wait," the woman pleaded. "Let me play with it for a while, then there will be enough for both of us!"

After five years in prison, an ex-con was released. He called his wife, and told her to get ready to make mad, passionate love, because he was on his way home. A short time later, the eager wife, clad only in a sheer black negligee, opened the front door to see her husband standing there on the porch, holding a bottle of whiskey in each hand. "Honey, are you ready?" she asked.

'Am I ready? What the hell do you think I rang the doorbell with?"

Question: How do yuppies wean their children? Answer: They fire the maid.

After wining and dining this classy-looking chick, a guy drove to her apartment, broke out a nice bottle of wine and immediately got to the point. "Let's get it on," he said.

She said softly, "I've got AIDS."

He then threw her on the bearskin rug, Greek-styled her, ate her, and then banged her good. When she caught her breath, the classy-looking chick said, "Why did you do that? I told you I have AIDS."

"AIDS?!" he gasped, as he desperately wiped off his dick. "I thought you said, 'Pull down the shades."

Jesus and St. Peter were standing at the Pearly Gates when someone arrived fresh from Earth. "What's your name?" Jesus asked.

"Joseph," said the man.

"What was your trade?" asked Jesus.

"Carpenter," replied the man.

Jesus paused for a moment. "Did you have a son?" "Yes."

"Did he disappear?" asked Jesus.

"Did he have holes in his legs and arms?"

"Yes, he did."

"Father!" shouted Jesus.

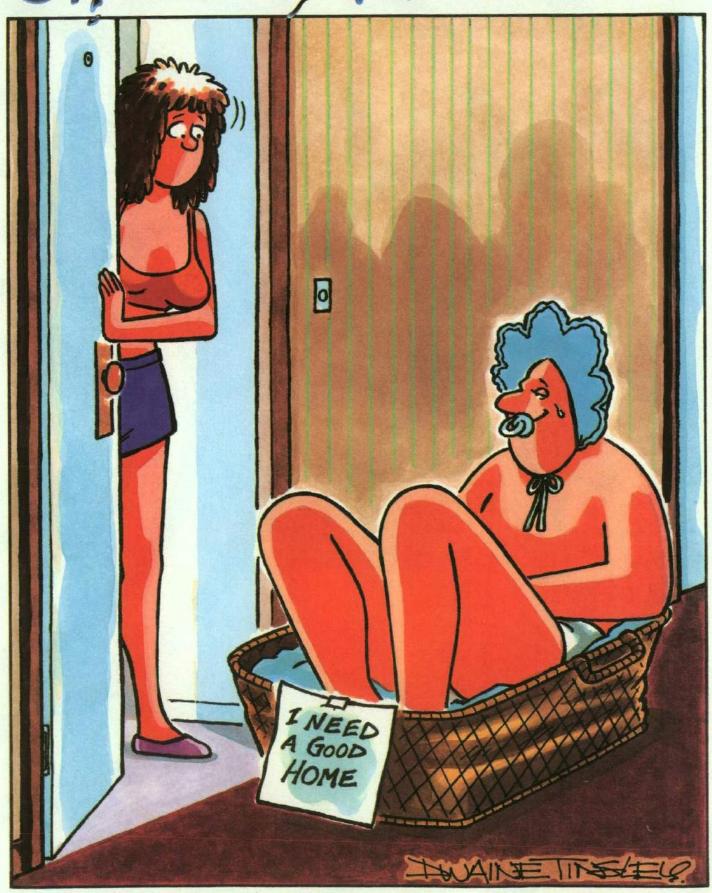
"Pinnochio!" shouted the carpenter.

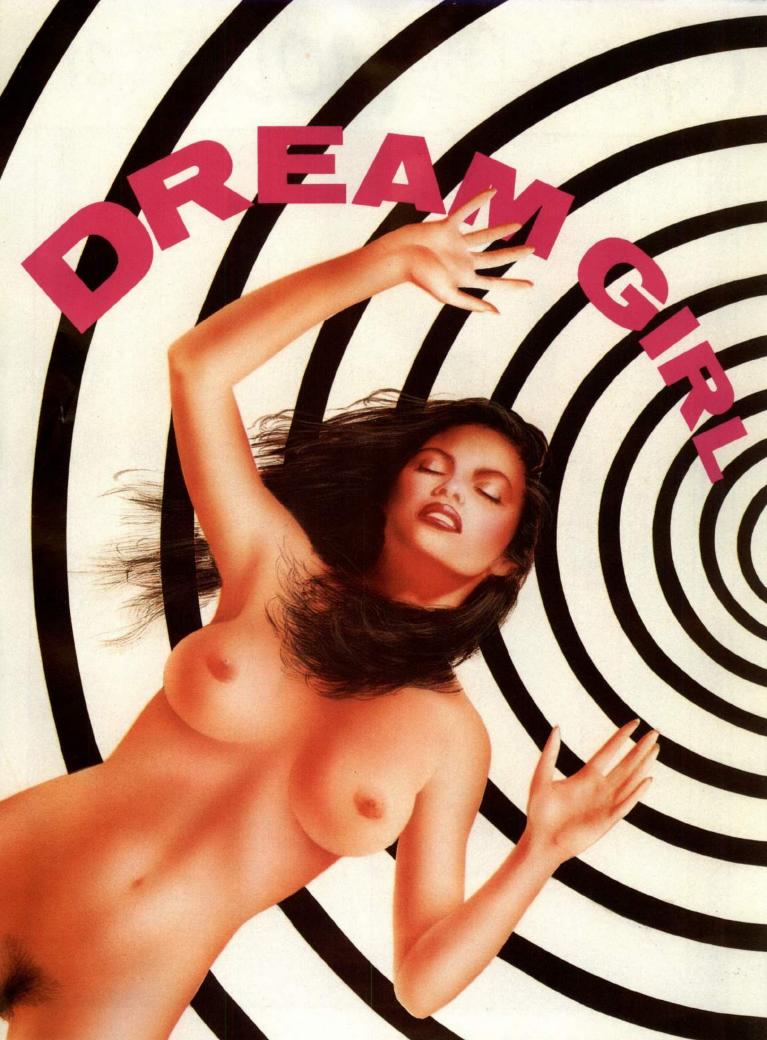
Question: What do Gary Hart and Mao Tse Tung have in common?

Answer: They both like to eat rice.

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Chester the Molester







DREAM GIRL

"I hate you," she whispered, moving her hips up to meet his every thrust. "I hate you to death."

What a night this was going to be. Just Vince, the chickens and the farmer's daughter. He'd met Mary through a college buddy in Madison. She'd come to "the big city" with his friend's little sister, and Vince had put the make on her as soon as she'd arrived. Next thing he knew, he was driving out to her farm for the night. She said her parents were away at a wedding.

Wisconsin was full of girls like Mary. They were no prize, but they were easy marks. They'd do almost anything to get out of those hick towns. Anything! And pity the poor, unsuspecting city dude who knocked them up.

But Vince was no fool. He'd taken precautions. Hell, no one even suspected he'd driven Mary back home-and he intended to keep it that way. Paternity suit aside, he had his reputation to protect. After all, Mary was only a mildly attractive farmgirl.

Still, he'd love to tell the guys at the dorm about this one. She was a virgin! For now, anyway. Of course, he doubted she was simply going to give it away. He'd have to take her cherry by force. It was

part of the game. It's how chicks liked it.

"Come on, Mary. Let me have a feel," he said. They were necking in the hayloft, watching the sun set. He pushed his hand down the front of her blouse, popping one of the buttons. She giggled. She'd intended to let him feel her up. It wasn't until Vince tried to unsnap her jeans that she put up any resistance.

"Let's wait till later," she said. "It's too cold out here."

Vince didn't want to wait. He'd never screwed in a hayloft before. He'd never had a virgin. This was his big chance.

"I only wanted to keep my hands warm," he joked. They both laughed, and finally Mary gave in. She liked him a lot, and she trusted him. Anyway, petting wasn't like having intercourse. Boys expected to get at least that much.

But Vince was going for the gold. His hand lay seemingly motionless in her crotch as they kissed, yet he was gently, almost imperceptibly, massaging her swelling clit. Then, when the time was right, he slipped his finger down into the moist slit of her cunt and, with one quick thrust, slid it into her vagina.

Again, Mary made an effort to resist, but it was mostly for show. Eventually, she just lay back and let her legs fall open. Vince was very good at sex, and the more she let him do, the better it felt. In fact, it got so that she didn't want him to stop. She needed that orgasm desperately.

"Vince, I want you to promise me," she said, clutching his hand, "that no matter how far we go, you won't, you know, try to take advantage of me. I'm old fashioned. I want to be a virgin when I get married."

Vince paused, searching for just the right words. He'd need to sound sincere, and that would be no easy chore, what with his finger stuck up her pussy.

"I mean it!" Mary repeated nervously.
"Promise me on your life!"

"Okay," he finally replied, "but I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to make love to you."

Bingo!

Suddenly, Vince had carte blanche. His hands and mouth were free to roam where they wanted, and Mary eagerly complied with his every wish. It wouldn't be long now.

He waited until his head was between her legs and she was on the brink of her first climax. Then he slipped quickly up on top of her, burying his cock in her labia. It caught her completely off

"Vince, don't," Mary pleaded. She struggled, and instinctively raised her knees. However, instead of freeing herself, she actually pulled Vince inside her. The deed was done. Mary was no longer a virgin. She held her face against his chest and began to sob.

Vince never saw the tears. He'd closed his eyes as his cock sank deep into Mary's warm, inviting body. Yet, while he listened, the sobs turned to moans, and Mary suddenly seemed filled with desire. He was completely inside her now. She was impaled on his cock. He was home free.

"I hate you," she whispered, moving her hips up to meet his every thrust. "I hate you to death."

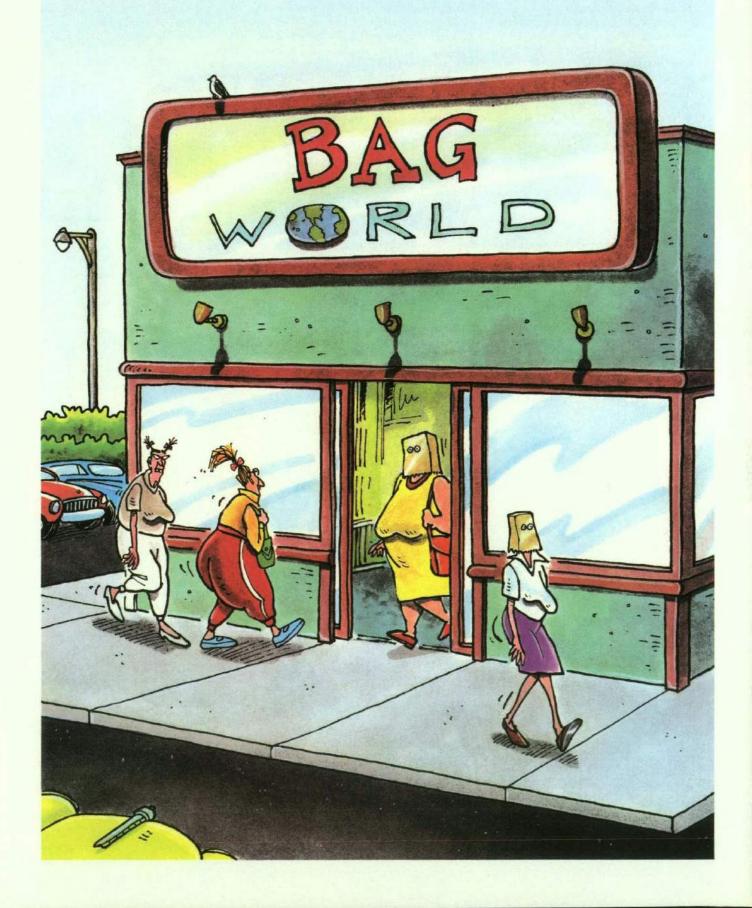
Vince kicked the '66 Mustang into first and put the pedal to the floor. God, what a gorgeous morning, he thought as he sped out of town on Route 14. It was springtime—the first really hot day of the year. He had the top down, and he was feeling good. Mary was ancient history. Old news. She was slipping further from his thoughts with each passing mile.

Cars raced past her like bullets in the wind. Strange, alien forms she didn't recognize. Something had changed since last night, but what? Had she gotten drunk and passed out? Was that why everything



Westin.





DREAM GIRL

There was something wrong here. He could feel it. He wasn't in control. His world was somehow out of sync.

seemed to be upside down?

She peered back at the thick pine forest where she'd awakened several hours earlier. She still couldn't remember how she got there. She didn't know where she'd been last night, or even who she'd been with.

But she knew he'd have the answers when he came for her. If he ever showed up. No, he'd come. Somehow, she knew that too. She'd simply have to wait.

Vince loved to drive Route 14. He'd made similar trips to this area of the state before. The highway ran in a virtual straight line through three counties, and for 35 miles there was nothing but deep groves of pine trees on either side of the road.

You could really open up the throttle down these desolate straightaways, and by the time Vince reached the outskirts of Lone Rock, he had the Mustang cruising at around 85. Springsteen's "Born to Run" was playing on the radio, and he was singing along at the top of his lungs.

He'd shifted into what he called "automatic pilot." Normally, he might have been paying more attention to the road, or at least watching out for cops, but the only speed traps were at the county lines, and on a Sunday morning, even those were unmanned.

Yet, suddenly, a car pulled out from a side road that led into town. It was a big, old '61 Pontiac, and Vince was on top of it before he knew what was happening. He swerved into the left lane to avoid ramming the Pontiac's rear end, but there was oncoming traffic. It was a slowmoving hay wagon. He was going to hit it head-on. He had nowhere to go.

The world began to move in slow motion. The Pontiac, the hay wagon, the girl in cut-offs standing by the side of the road-they all appeared as if in a series of still pictures.

Vince slammed on the brakes and swung the steering wheel hard to the left. The Mustang went into a skid. He tried to regain control of the car as it barreled onto the shoulder, but then he was headed straight at the girl, and she wasn't moving. She held her ground, watching the scene play out in front of her. There was a question in her eyes, yet she showed not the slightest hint of fear.

At the last minute, Vince was able to swing back to the right and slip between the girl and the wagon. He couldn't have had more than six inches to spare on either side. It was a superb piece of driving. Yet, amazingly, the girl still hadn't budged and, as he flashed by her, their eyes locked. She smiled, and a chill ran up his spine.

The Mustang finally skidded to a halt in the gravel, 50 feet down the road. Vince jumped out of the car and ran back

toward the girl.

"My God, are you all right?" he screamed. He still had visions of her being splattered all over his grillwork.

"I think so," she answered. She honest-

ly wasn't sure.

"Why the hell didn't you get out of the

"I don't know," she replied, brushing

the dust off her legs.

Vince was shaking like a leaf. The farmer who'd been pulling the hay was walking toward them, when suddenly Vince realized that, at any minute, the cops could show up and charge him with reckless endangerment. Hell, if he didn't act fast, this bimbo could end up collecting half his earnings for the rest of her life!

"Come on, we've got to get you to a hospital," he said. He put his hand around the girl's waist and led her toward the car.

"Where you goin' with that girl?" the farmer shouted.

"Hospital!" Vince yelled back.

"She okay?"

"Yeah, fine!"

At least Vince hoped she was. The girl wasn't resisting, but there was something wrong here. He could feel it. He wasn't in control. His world was somehow out of sync.

Vince put the girl in the car and watched the farmer pull his tractor back out onto the highway. The girl didn't say a word as he walked around to the driver's side and slipped behind the wheel. He breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe he wasn't in such deep shit after all.

Then he took a good look at his

passenger.

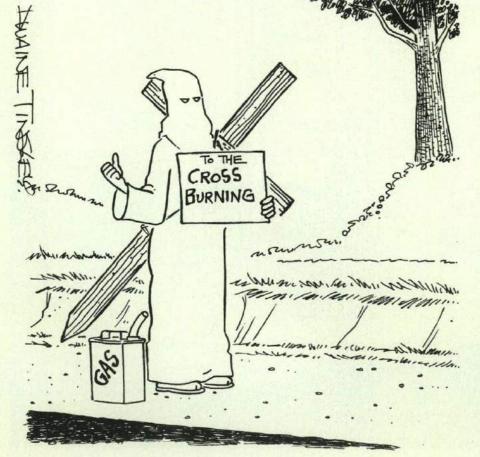
Never had he seen anyone so lovely. Her legs, her hair, her eyes, her lipseverything was perfectly proportioned and beautifully laid out. No doubt about it, his troubles were only beginning.

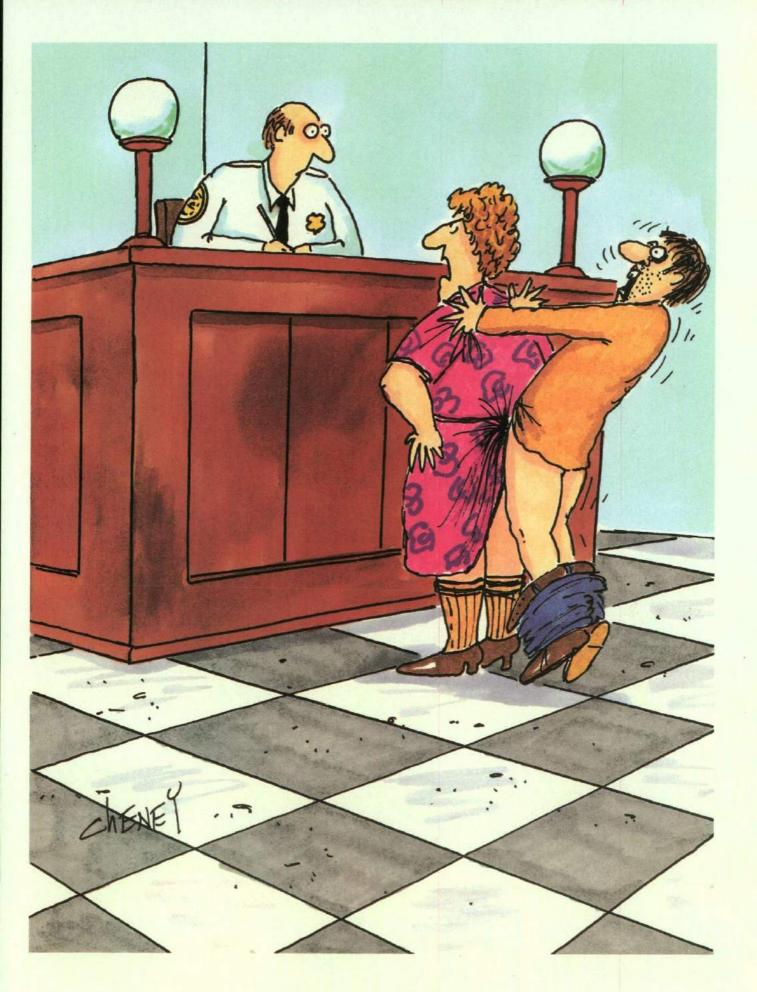
"Look, are you sure you're all right?" Vince asked. He really didn't want to drive her to an emergency room.

"The truth?"

"Yes."

"I feel lousy," she said. "Like, how would you feel after sleeping outside all (continued on page 80)





"I'd like to report an attempted rape!"



5 CHEESECAKE



Photography by Clive McLean.

It's hard to pay attention to the camera when there are much more interesting developments at hand. In the heat of an erotic photography session, Victorian principles are quickly abandoned, as artist and model take time out to let their creative juices flow. Clearly, neither one is worried about overexposure, or getting sticky fingers on the glass negatives. Perhaps they already suspect that their early experiments in pornography will someday be enshrined in footlockers, attics and Bits & Pieces sections everywhere.

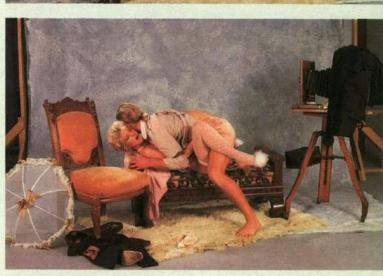














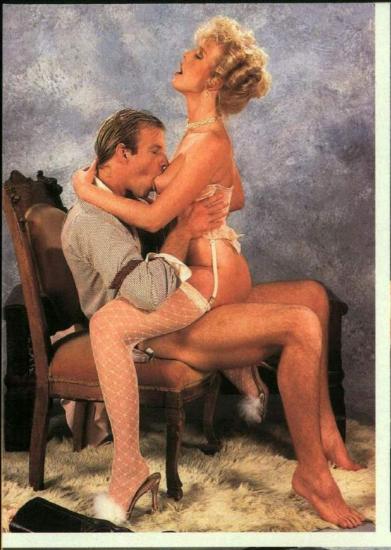
















DREAM GIRL (continued from page 70)

The wind was blowing Peggy's T-shirt tight against her perfect, young breasts. Her nipples were hard.

night? I don't know how I got there or who left me there, but, man, when I find out, I'm gonna kill him. I've been freezing all morning. I'm hungry, I'm tired, and I want to go home!"

The girl was on the verge of tears, but then she looked at Vince and began to laugh. He'd been trying hard to look concerned, but a bead of sweat had come sliding down the bridge of his nose, and it hung from his nostril like a Christmas ornament. He tried to be cool about it, to dislodge it gracefully, but it wouldn't fall. So he began to laugh too, and for the moment, they forgot all about their problems.

"So, you live in Black Earth" At last Vince was getting somewhere. Black Earth wasn't even out of his way. He could have her home inside half an hour. If he wanted to.

"What's your name?" he asked as they fishtailed out onto the asphalt.

"Peggy."

"I'm Vince." He was feeling like his old self again. "Hey, how about some music?" "Sure, man," Peggy said.

Vince leaned over and turned on the radio. "What are you into?" he asked. "Madonna? Wham? Springsteen? Billy Idol?"

"Who?"

"The Who. Yeah, I used to like them too." Vince was playing radio roulette, sweeping up and down the dial, but every station he hit was playing a different Golden Oldie. The music was at least 20 years old: Gary Lewis and the Playboys, The Kinks, Dave Clark Five, Jackie DeShannon, Herman's Hermits . . . he couldn't find a damn thing he liked. Even WMAD was stuck in the '60s. They were playing "Satisfaction" by the Stones.

When Peggy heard Jagger's voice, her eyes lit right up. "He's my favorite!" she screamed. She knew all the words too. She began singing along and bouncing up and down, the wind blowing her hair almost straight out behind her.

Vince had a tough time keeping his eyes on the road. He preferred to follow the bouncing tits. God, Peggy had a great pair. What a waste it would have been if they'd ended up as hood ornaments, he

thought. Then he wondered what the chances were of copping a feel, and he started getting an erection.

Yet, when his eyes had strayed down to Peggy's crotch, something terribly strange happened. For a moment, he thought he saw bruises on her inner thighs. They looked like huge handprints, as though someone very strong had grabbed the soft flesh and forced her legs apart. But when he looked again, they were gone. They'd vanished.

Just then, the WMAD deejay announced the news, and Vince instinctively flipped to the next station. They had Tom Jones singing "What's New Pussycat?"

"I wanted to hear the news!" Peggy complained. There was something she suddenly remembered.

"It's all bullshit"

"But I wanted to hear if they caught the strangler!"

"Huh?"

"You know, that guy who escaped from Janesville. The one who raped all those girls."

Vince was only half listening. He was lost in a dirty daydream. With the top down, the wind was blowing Peggy's T-shirt tight against her perfect, young breasts. Her nipples were hard, and Vince was getting excited. He realized how badly he wanted Peggy-more than life itself. He wanted to lay her down on a bed of pine needles and take her, hard and fast. And he began to think that if he played his cards right, he might just be able to pull it off.

Peggy didn't know if she liked the way Vince was looking at her. He reminded her of someone. It frightened her. Yet, there was something else about him. Something that attracted her terribly, as though she needed him. Something that gave her a warm feeling between her legs. If she could only remember

"Vince, can we pull over? I have to pee."

"If you can wait, I think there's a gas station up ahead."

"No, just pull over in the pines."

Vince turned onto a narrow dirt road and stopped about 50 feet in from the highway.

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll wait here."

"Are you kidding? There are wolves out there. You're coming with me!"

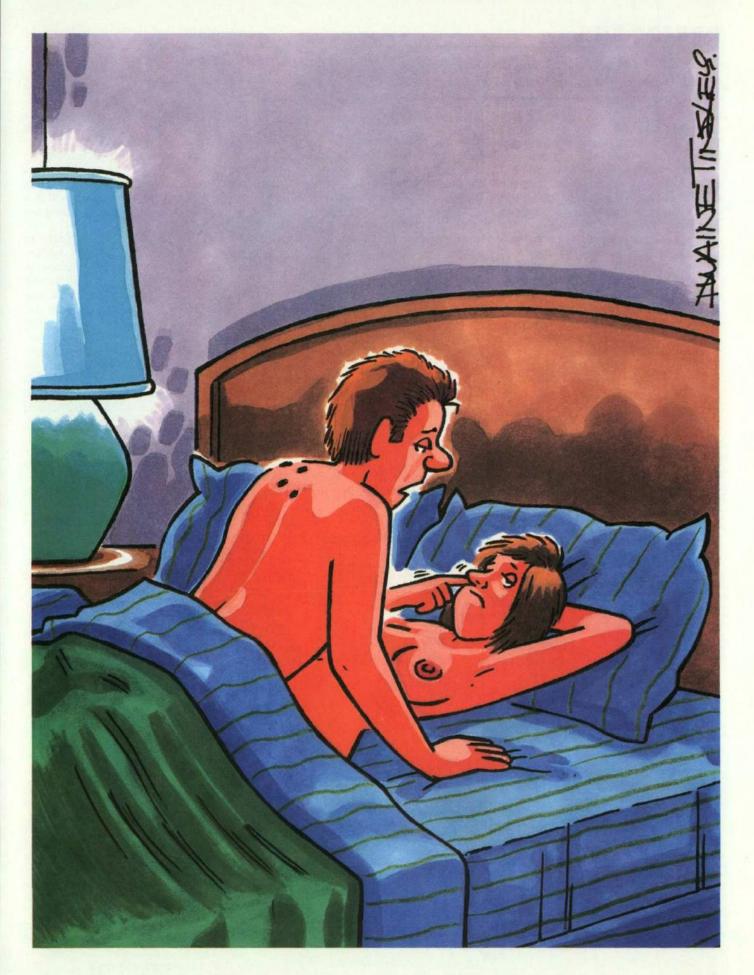
They walked a few yards and entered a dense, isolated section of woods. It was dead quiet. The trees grew high overhead, their branches filtering the sunlight.

"I'll only be a minute," Peggy said, slip-

ping behind a bush.

Vince sat down and propped himself against a tree. He was listening to "The Sounds of Silence," which drifted over





"If you can't display more passion, Liz, at least stop rubbing boogers on my back!"

DREAM GIRL

He raked his fingers through her pubic hair, quickly slipping two of them into her vagina.

from the car radio. When Peggy finished, she joined him and leaned her head on his shoulder. Her hair smelled fresh and clean, almost sexy. He put his arm around her and drew her close. She felt so small and frail, so vulnerable. Then she sighed softly and snuggled to him. He slid his hand up to her breast. It was purely an involuntary action.

"Have you ever felt like you were having deja vu?" Peggy asked, dreamily.

Vince chuckled quietly to himself. If this wasn't a replay of last night's lustfest, he didn't know what was. He was so horny, he could almost smell this chick's pussy. He'd already made up his mind to fuck her. Now, he just had to wait for her to drop her guard, and by the look of things, the time was just about right.

And Peggy, she was tailor-made! Even if he had to rape her, no one would believe her story. She was so wacko, she played chicken without a car! She was probably the town nut.

"Vince? Did you hear me?"

"Hmm?"

"I asked if you'd ever had deja vu."

"Sorry," he said, "but you've got a

great pair of distractions."

Peggy giggled. "You know, Vince, I have this funny feeling that we've been here together before." She was using her fingernails to draw imaginary circles on his thigh. "Good Lovin" by the Young Rascals was on the airwaves.

"And what did we do here together?"

"I don't know," she said sweetly. Vince had slipped his hand beneath her T-shirt, and he was gently playing with her right nipple. He had a lover's touch, and Peggy liked the way it felt. She never wanted him to stop.

But suddenly, Vince became a man possessed. He shoved his hand into her shorts. He raked his fingers through her pubic hair, and quickly slipped two of them into her vagina.

A flurry of nightmarish images flashed through Peggy's mind. Large, calloused hands, pawing at her breasts. Her legs pried violently apart. The glint of a single gold tooth. the nauseating smell of stale breath. Struggling. Screaming. Heart pounding. Gasping for air.

Vince was on top of her now. He'd ripped off her shorts and forced his way between her legs. But it wasn't Vince she saw grinning down at her, it was him. Only this time, she was ready!

"Fuck me!" she taunted. "Come on, fuck me good!" He had her arms pinned above her shoulders. She felt pine needles poking her in the ass. "Harder!" she screamed, locking her legs around his waist. "Harder, damn it! Harder!"

Suddenly, he was unsure. He didn't remember it this way. Something had changed. But, hell, if she wanted a pile driver up her cunt, that's what he'd give her. He released her wrists and used her thighs for leverage.

In a flash, Peggy thrust her hand into his crotch and grabbed his balls, squeezing with all her strength. He cried out in agony, but she didn't let go until she was holding what felt like a soft sack of marmalade. His dick was no longer hard. He was no longer conscious. But he wasn't dead, either, Not yet.

Peggy got up and pulled her T-shirt down over her breasts. She found the car keys in Vince's jeans, which were still flung around his ankles. She walked calmly to the trunk of the '66 Mustang and pulled out the tire iron. She was finally going to go home.

"We interrupt this broadcast," the radio announcer was saying, "to bring you this special bulletin"

Peggy walked over to his motionless body.

"... Richland County Sheriff Daniel Roe has cautioned all residents in southwestern Wisconsin to be on the lookout for convicted strangler John Stewart, who last week escaped from the Janesville Correctional Institution..."

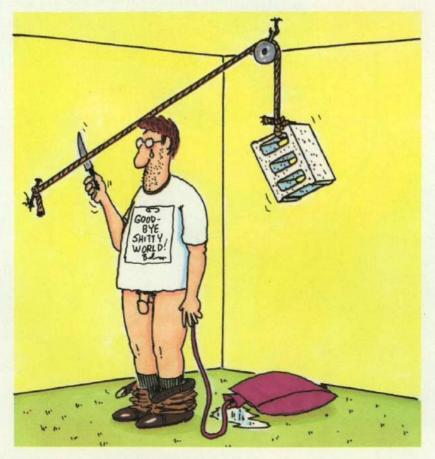
She raised the heavy metal bar over her head and brought it down squarely between his eyes, crushing his skull like a melon.

"... According to Sheriff Roe, Stewart is the prime suspect in last night's slaying of Peggy Sue Deets, a local resident whose sexually molested body was found one mile south of Lone Rock on Route 14. Stewart is considered to be armed and dangerous."

"They never found you, did they?"
Peggy laughed. She tossed the tire iron
next to the body and walked off in the direction of Black Earth.

Of course, she never made it home. Peggy ended up back on Route 14, one mile south of Lone Rock. She'd blown it. Old John Stewart, he'd bought the farm 20 years earlier to the day, and justice had been swift—the wolves got him just after he killed Peggy. So now she was the one left owing. Next time, it would be her turn to pay. And poor old Vince Vanzetti would get to screw her ass, but good.

God, the world sucked.





















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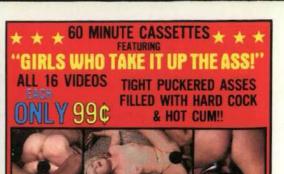
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You are aware of the exuberant warmth moving into your groin, filling the region with strength and power.

process. Or you may have a friend read the techinques to you as you relax and experience the imagery. It is also possible to record your own voice, reading these exercises into a tape recorder, so that you may play the tape back and allow your voice to guide you through the relaxation process and the procedure.

Any of the above methods can be effective. Your success depends upon your willingness to permit a transformation to manifest in your consciousness. As an additional aid to the process, play some sensual background music to heighten the effect. Be certain, though, that the music contains no lyrics to distract you.

STEP ONE: ELEVATING YOUR ENERGY

Permit yourself to relax . . . totally and completely relax. Let yourself lie back in a comfortable position and release all worries . . . all tensions . . . all problems. Let your mind float. Relax . . . relax. Take three comfortably deep breaths . . . and relax.

Imagine before you now the softest, fluffiest cloud in the sky. See it settling down next to you as you relax . . . relax. See yourself crawling upon it to rest . . . to float . . . to relax . . . to rise to the sky and leave all your problems behind you . . . leave all your tensions behind you.

Float and drift, drift and float, rising to the sky in a comfortable, slow, swinging motion. Nothing will disturb you. Nothing will distress you. No sound will bother you. In fact, should you hear any sound at all, that sound will only help you to relax. Take three more comfortably deep breaths . . . and relax.

You are floating up into the sky, drifting higher and higher. You feel safe and totally secure. It is impossible for you to fall. Drift . . . and float. Feel peace and contentment. Drift . . . and float. Relax . . . relax. You are entering a feeling of total peace and total relaxation.

[The above paragraph should be repeated twice more. Not only is this an excellent relaxation technique, but you will actually begin to feel your worries leaving your mind. Total relaxation is necessary before you can learn to control your mind or your body.]

As you are drifting and floating with

your mind completely at peace, you are aware that your body has been rising higher and higher, comfortably soaring through the clouds. The higher you rise, the less you are aware of your physical body. All of your body is completely relaxed. Your toes...feet...legs...torso...arms...shoulders...neck...are totally relaxed. You remain aware only of your mind...and your groin.

Now you are aware of a great bolt of electrical energy that is shooting toward you. You know that it will not harm you in any way. It will, in fact, energize you. It will energize you and give you power. It is a lightning bolt of sensual pleasure.

Feel the soothing warmth of this bolt of sensual pleasure as it touches your body. Feel the warm, tingling energy moving throughout your entire body. You feel the energy moving through your brain, and you feel your unconscious level of reality becoming activated. You sense the energy moving down your spine, bringing power into your entire being. You feel the energy gathering in your groin, your sexual organs.

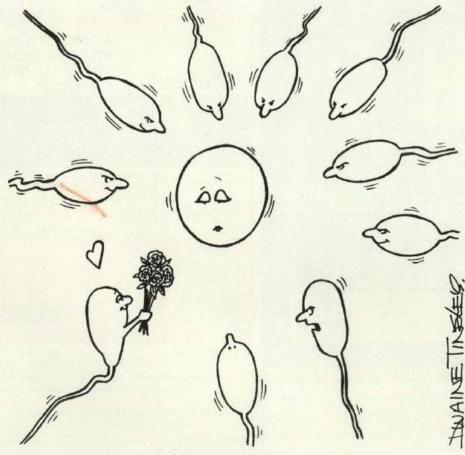
Now you are aware of another great bolt of sensual pleasure. You feel its warm energy touching you, and you sense it moving to the very center of your psyche, activating the left side of your brain, your conscious reality. Two powerful surges of energy course through your body, and you are aware of the exuberant warmth moving into your groin, filling the region with strength and power.

All the energy of your body and the electricity from the lightning bolt of sensual pleasure are now centered in your sex organs. Feel the area of your groin becoming activated, throbbing with excitement.

And now once again you receive a bolt of lightning. You have received yet another charge from two lightning bolts of sensual pleasure. You can feel a mounting surge of energy begin to multiply within your loins. Feel that energy throb deep within your sex organs. Feel warmth moving over your penis, your testicles. The warmth feels so good, so pleasurable.

Feel the heat rising, sending exciting waves of pleasure throughout your entire being. Feel yourself begin to pulsate with all the energy that your mind and body can generate. A heightened state of ecstasy is mounting higher and higher. You feel almost blinded by the glowing energy around you. Every cell in your body is vibrating in rhythm to the throbbing in your penis, your testicles.

The power of sensual energy permeates your entire being, sending waves of pleasure through your loins ... your thighs ... your chest ... your entire body. Feel the throbbing, synchronized energy rhythmically pulsating deep with-(continued on page 92)



"We're supposed to attack the ovary, Elliot, not romance her!"

AIDS RESEARCH RIVALRY (continued from page 100)

"We have a bunch of prima donna scientists who want to win the Nobel Prize. There is no teamwork."

the oral polio virus vaccine, and Doctor Jonas Salk, discoverer of "dead-virus" vaccine, have been verbally battling over the merits of their respective vaccines.

Like the Salk-Sabin fivalry, the French-American dispute involves the egos and reputations of two world-renowned scientists, Doctor Luc Montagnier and Doctor Robert Gallo. Since the controversy ended in the courts, sources say that the two scientists are not talking to each other. This has frustrated many AIDS researchers on both sides of the Atlantic. "Obviously, the supervisors of these two men have to take them aside and tell them their attitudes are intolerable," says Doctor Rapoza. "Now it's time to settle these things.

What's disturbing is that the French have isolated another virus, which they have called LAV-II. Doctor Rapoza explains, "They have not sent the virus to the U.S., and I don't know if they ever will. Since the dispute flared, the French have not been sharing AIDS information with the American scientific community. We are pretty upset, because we want to know what LAV-II is. Are we now talking

about two viruses?"

Doctor Voeller adds, "No one knows for sure who is right. I don't think anyone has all the facts. But the dispute is clearly disturbing and alarming if you consider we have a major health crisis endangering the lives of thousands of people."

Sources say the delay the American scientific community has experienced in learning about the disease has probably not affected AIDS research yet, but it could. "It could have an effect on bloodtesting," explains Doctor Rapoza. "If it is truly a new virus, then we should try to develop a blood test for it because it may not be in this country now, but it sure as hell will be someday.'

While the international battle rages across the Atlantic, infighting and politics is leading to what may be the CDC's decline as an important center in the fight against AIDS. The CDC is regarded as the world's most important health organization. In the words of Doctor Gary Noble, the CDC's former assistant director for science and now the U.S. Public Health Services federal AIDS coordinator, "The CDC is responsible for safeguarding the health of the American people by controlling and preventing disease. To do its job, the agency works closely with thousands of state and local health departments across the country and with all of the world's major health organizations, such as the World Health Organization (WHO)."

The CDC set up its lab in 1983 in response to the seriousness of the AIDS epidemic. One source who monitors CDC AIDS activity said, "There are several institutions into AIDS research, but if I had to choose one place as the single most important, it would be the CDC.'

Another source, who had worked at the CDC AIDS lab, provides some background. "When the lab started out, the situation was no worse than you would find in any lab. A lot of different people were coming in from all over. So it was natural that there was competitiveness. But after the first head of the AIDS lab left, there has never been a strong manager. It has led to a situation where we have a bunch of prima donna scientists who want to win the Nobel Prize; so they go off on their own. There is no teamwork, just everyone for themselves."

The Miami Herald broke the story about the troubles at the CDC in late August 1986. Soon after, a quick internal study by the CDC concluded that although the agency had experienced turnover among its scientists, it wasn't unusual, and although experiments might have been tampered with, "the instances weren't significant." But in September an Atlanta newspaper got hold of some of the CDC's internal memos, which showed 15 separate incidents of tampering from the previous April to August in one of the labs doing AIDS-related research and some resistance to demands for increased worker productivity. Security measures were increased after each incident, culminating in the decision in early August to have unarmed guards patrol the labs.

Senator Lowell Weiker (D-Connecticut) learned of what was happening at the CDC and appointed Maureen Byrnes, a staff aide on the worker's appropriations subcommittee, which he chairs and which funds the CDC, to do an investigation.

After Byrnes completed her investigation, Senator Weiker notified CDC director, Doctor James O. Mason, that he wanted an outside investigation. In late October the National Academy of Sciences (NAS) sent a three-person team of distinguished scientists to the CDC to investigate. The NAS issued its report in December 1986. It said that the CDC's AIDS research was plagued by staff turnover, low staff morale and "possible sabotage of minor experiments" by squab-

(continued on page 108)

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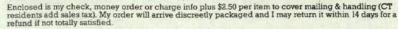
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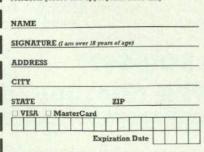
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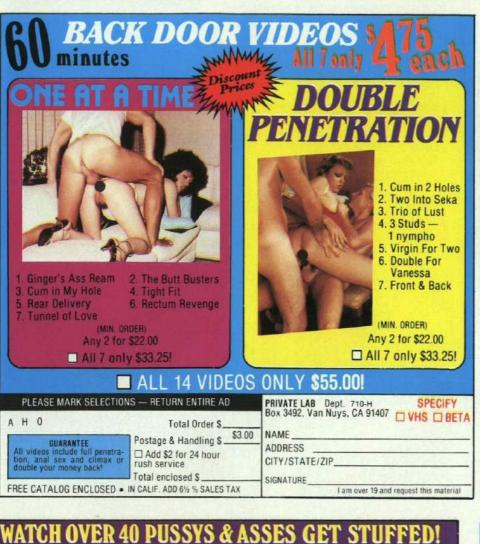


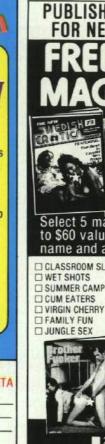
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AIDS RESEARCH RIVALRY (continued from page 52)

U.S. researchers have charged the French with refusing to share certain AIDS information.

Bruce Voeller, president of the Mariposa Education and Research Foundation in Los Angeles, describes as a "war," and *Time* magazine has cynically called "the race for the Nobel Prize," has erupted into a legal battle that has had a chilling effect on scientific collaboration and possibly in the way researchers will publish their results or apply for patents.

At the national level, the rivalry has threatened the credibility and professional stature of the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), the country's leading public-health agency. Beginning in September 1986, the CDC in Atlanta have experienced one major and two minor investigations, leading to revelations of low morale, "minor tampering" of experiments and poor management. Since late October 1986, seven scientists have quit the CDC, leaving four senior researchers in the CDC laboratory, which in the past five years has played a crucial role in tracking the deadly virus. Among those leaving were internationally regarded researchers who helped prove AIDS is caused by a germ that thrives in blood and body fluids and who helped develop

the most widely used test for AIDS.

During the early years of the AIDS epidemic, the NCI and the Pasteur Institute exchanged scientific information and laboratory material, including the AIDS virus that they had isolated. Then on December 12, 1985, the Pasteur Institute startled the world by filing suit against the U.S. government, claiming that a group of Institute researchers led by Doctor Luc Montagnier, rather than an NCI group headed by Doctor Robert C. Gallo, was the first to isolate the virus that caused AIDS and "to recognize the significance thereof to develop methods in the detection of AIDS."

At the heart of the dispute is the French outrage at the U.S. Patent Office's awarding of a patent to the U.S government on May 25, 1985, for a test developed by Gallo's group to detect antibodies to the AIDS virus in blood samples. In essence, the suit charges that, in developing the test, Gallo's group misappropriated materials and information supplied by Montagnier on the condition they be used only for research. Gallo has described the charge as "outrageous,"

and has claimed that the French group gained more from collaborating with him than vice versa.

The French suit not only asks for a share of the profits from the blood-test sales, but also asks the court to expunge any statement to the contrary from the records of U.S. labs. The Pasteur Institute has also hired a New York public-relations firm to represent it in this country.

In May 1986 the French scored a small victory when the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office acknowledged the Institute's rival claim to the blood-test patent and decided they were entitled to a formal hearing. The Patent Office also recognized the French as the senior party, since their patent application was filed seven months earlier than NCI's.

The dispute broke out into a bitter public squabble when Gallo took the offensive and accused Montagnier's French team of greediness. In claiming not to be making any money from the blood-test patent, he pointed out that the royalties go to its manufacturers and the U.S. Treasury.

The French have claimed, "The AIDS blood test became available in March 1985, and between March and August 1985 11 million kits were sold. The U.S. got \$1.5 million in royalties, the French nothing."

The lawyers for the Pasteur Institute have sought and obtained lab notebooks and memos from the NIH under the Freedom of Information act. According to James Squire, an attorney for the Pasteur Institute, they found "lots of things that strengthened our complaint, and nothing that damages it." Among the findings was one that has proved embarrassing to Gallo: a photo of a document belonging to Doctor Gallo, which shows the Pasteur strain.

The U.S. government has managed to fling some dirt of its own. According to government memos obtained by the Washington Post's Jack Anderson, U.S. researchers not associated with NIH have charged the French with refusing to share certain AIDS information.

In July 1986 a federal judge dismissed the French suit, ruling that the NCI and Pasteur Institute research agreement, a key factor in the dispute, was a government procurement contract in which a claims court had no jurisdiction. Attorneys for the Pasteur Institute have since said they would appeal. They believe the judge's ruling will be overturned.

Sources say that the NCI-Pasteur Institute dispute is similar in many ways to the early 1960s controversy over the testing and marketing of the polio vaccine. Since then, Albert Sabin, renowned creator of

(continued on page 104)



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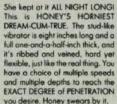


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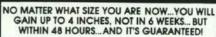
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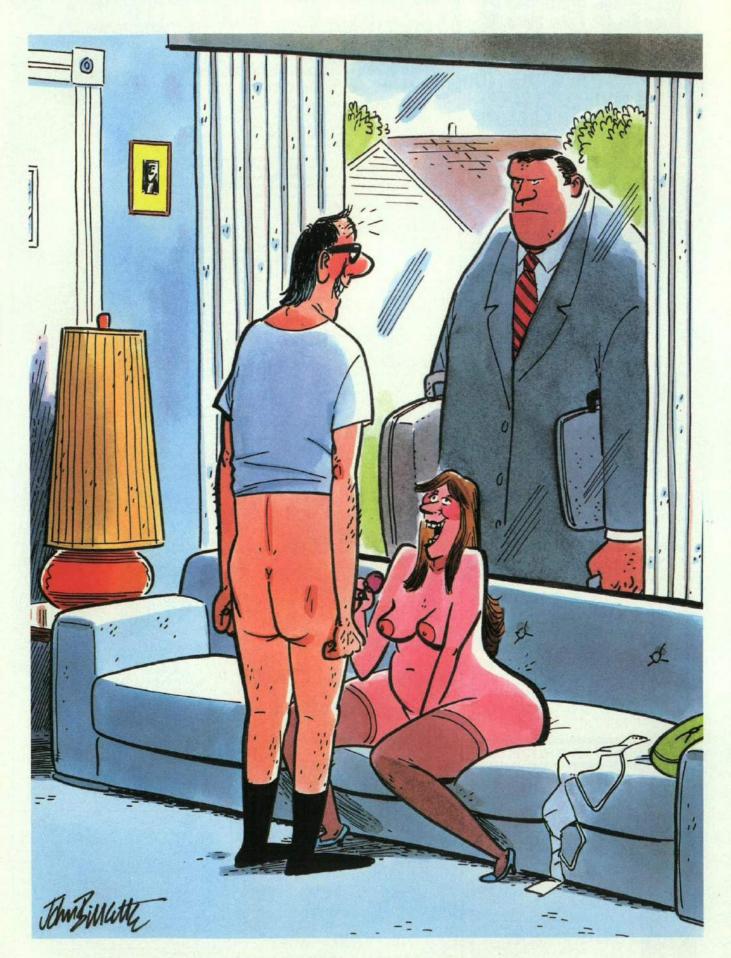
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"Oh, Tom, you're so stiff. Are you gonna come already?"

Once Bill had the image of a great stud horse, he became a skillful and confident lover.

tense will become the programming of the activating word, *power*, to trigger a transformation in your lovemaking.

Once you become proficient at the jungle cat persona, expand your visualizations to include scenarios that feature any other animal that appeals to you.

Frances was absolutely correct when she prescribed a great jungle cat for Harry. In a few days, Betty called to report ecstatically that she would soon have to take a chair and a whip to bed with her to tame the insatiable beast that had been unleashed in their bedroom.

Bill, however, the fellow who worried about his "pinto bean penis," responded better to visualizing himself as a powerful stallion. Once Bill had the image of a great stud horse whose penis nearly touched the ground firmly etched into his psyche, he became a skillful and confident lover.

In some cases, the activating word can do double duty. This technique can also be altered to increase your prowess in sports, as well as in sex. Burt, a 20-year-old track star, was programmed with the activating word *horse*, to inspire him to

produce that extra spurt of speed as he approached the finish line. The same imagery of the powerful horse also worked wonders for Burt in his sexual hurdles.

Interestingly, Hank, a Woody Allen lookalike, resisted the technique until told that he was a magnificent stallion with a whole herd of females at his disposal. Although a mild, strait-laced man in his normal, waking state, the fantasy of having a harem to satisfy his desires accentuated his sexual prowess to a state that he had never dreamed possible.

Doug was another case altogether. He suffered from a terrible inferiority problem. Physically, he made the 98-pound weakling in the old Charles Atlas ads look like Sylvester Stallone. Doug visualized himself as a muscular gorilla, ten times stronger than the average man.

Briefly, the scenario went something like this:

Feel yourself merging, becoming one with the body of a powerful gorilla. Become totally one with it and feel yourself standing upright—an enormously strong, powerful beast.

As you begin walking, you feel great

strength in your legs. With every step you take, you feel foliage smash beneath your feet. Step by step, you feel things being crushed beneath your bulk. Animals shriek in terror and scramble out of your way. You enjoy this power.

Your lung capacity is enormous. You bring deep, powerful breaths into your chest. Every part of your body is filled with strength, bursting with power. You feel the power of your arms, your legs, your body. You walk in a lordly manner, for you are the king.

With every move you make, you feel stronger and stronger. Your body ripples with muscles. You know that you have your choice of many females who do all that they can to gain your favor. And as you think of mounting your favorite of the moment, you feel the blood begin to pound through your body in a steady beat that increases your sexual energy.

One thought alone consumes you: To mount . . . to enter the body of a female and let her feel your strength. Mount . . . enter. Mount . . . enter. Spend your energy in a series of glorious climaxes.

THE MIND-SEX LINK

In all scenarios, regardless of the animal selected for the visualization process, the mind-sex link must be performed for maximum effectiveness. Instruction should be given so that the head begins to bob gently in harmony with the rhythm of the loins. The body's energies must meld into pulsating motion, thereby creating a total, complete and very powerful, controllable sexual energy.

SHARE IT WITH YOUR SEX PARTNER

There is little difficulty in translating these exercises to the opposite sex. You can place your lover into a relaxed state by placing her on the floating, drifting cloud, then moving her through the experience of the lightning bolts of sensual pleasure. What could be more exciting than two passionate animals coupling together in their increased sexuality in the bedroom jungle of the mind?

A FINAL WORD

The important thing is to let yourself go and permit yourself to experience and to enjoy these techniques. Sincerely practiced, these exercises will increase your body's energy in all facets of your life.

As in every other physical endeavor, practice makes perfect in mind-over-matter exercises. Stick with it, and you'll awaken that slumbering sex animal that you've always known lay within you. Everything that you desire is possible when you learn how to control your body.

So here's to good fantasies-and to good sex!



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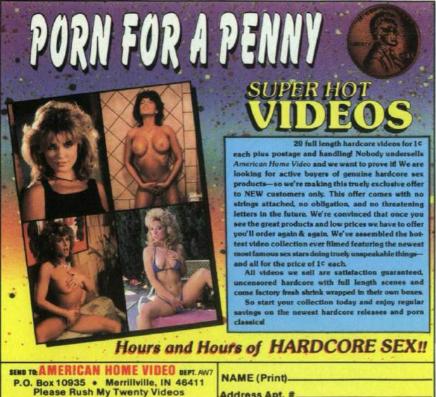




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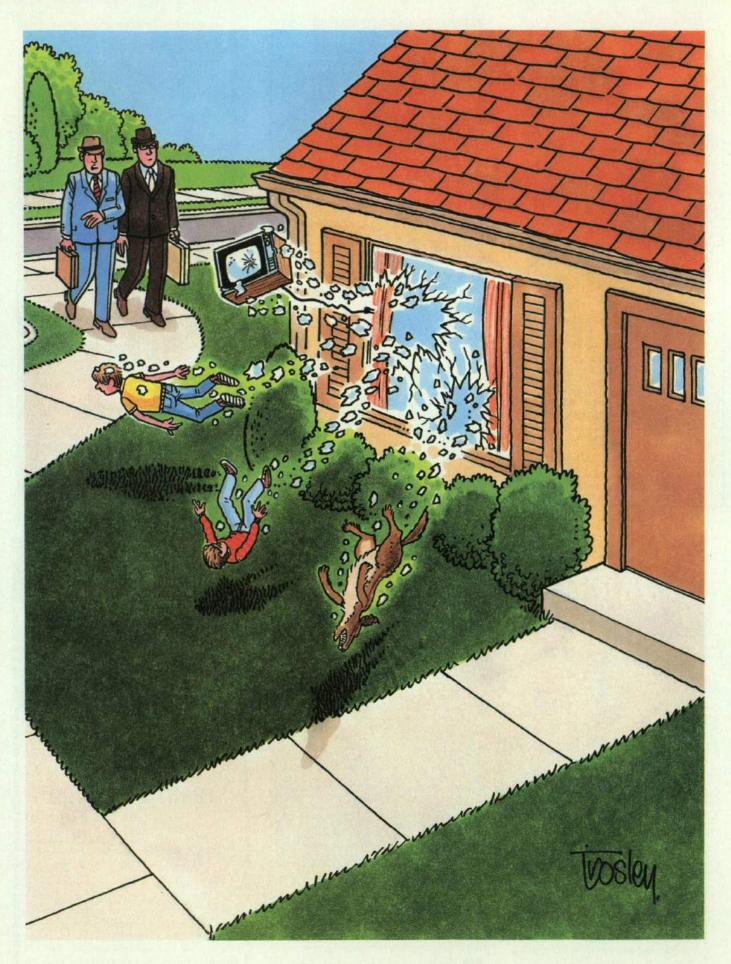
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"Uh, oh . . . looks like the wife's getting her period"

One thought consumes you: Mount her... mount her. Penetrate her femaleness. Satisfy her.

in your being, your essence. Feel the throbbing pulsating through your groin . . . your penis . . . your testicles.

STEP TWO: THE FRENZY OF ANIMAL SEX

The lightning bolts of sensual pleasure have filled your body with incredible power. Your inner vision has become crystal clear. Your hearing is keener, sharper, than it has ever been. Your sense of touch is more sensitive than you knew possible. Your nostrils are experiencing aromas far beyond the normal spectrum.

You are hearing sounds that only a great jungle cat could hear. You are catching scents that only a large carnivore could smell. You are seeing, touching, hearing and feeling sensations that only a powerful cat could experience. Enjoy the muscular sensation. Feel the sleek power of the jungle cat that you are.

Now you are sensing a female. You are hungry for her presence as you move lithely, effortlessly through the jungle brush and foliage. Your powerful body is sinewy and strong. You are a magnificent jungle cat, and you have enormous strength and power to mount and to enter your female.

You hear a rustling in the grass. You smell and sense a female approaching you in the darkness. You see smoldering eyes looking at you from the shadows. A full moon overhead casts mysterious silhouettes that will enhance your lovemaking. You feel desire rising.

The female turns, a low, sensual purr

sounding from within her dark throat. It is an invitation for you to mount her. Your loins throb with passion. They burn with every step as you move toward her. Your muscles become hard, taut, more pronounced. You feel a surge of power. Blood courses through your body, your legs, filling your loins with a pounding need.

One thought consumes you: Mount her

One thought consumes you: Mount her. . . mount her. Penetrate her femaleness. Satisfy her and enjoy animal pleasure. Mount and enter. Mount and enter. Feel and enjoy the sensation of your loins throbbing, burning with pent-up desire. You feel wild, uninhibited.

Feel your head begin to move, gently bobbing in exact rhythm to your throbbing, pulsating penis and testicles. Feel that rhythm. Be one with it. Be one with the throbbing loins . . . the gently bobbing head. Meld this rhythm, this energy, into one. Your head, your mind, your body, your loins are all one. Feel your entire body pumping, throbbing. You are one with the energy. You are one with sensual pleasure. You are one with your partner as you go deep within her. Go deep, deep within, exploring all of her.

When you have enjoyed all that you desire to experience, you have the ability to return to your normal state, knowing that you can return to this pleasurable state of being by saying over and over the word, "power." All that you need to do to become this sensual jungle cat again is to take three deep breaths and say softly, "Power, power, power." At that time you will feel the strength, the power and the sexual energy surge throughout your entire body. You will be able to perform sexually whenever you wish, your muscles hard and taut like a great jungle cat. You will be able to perform with power and confidence.

Now you are coming back to the present reality. You are coming back to your reality as a human male named. (say your name). At the count of five, you will return, feeling better than you have in weeks and weeks. At the count of five, you will return filled with the awareness of sensual power. You will return filled with the power of the jungle cat mounting and entering its mate. You are now coming awake: One . . . feeling very good in mind and body. Two . . . remembering the activating word, power. Three . . . feeling confident . . . strong. Four . . . power ... power. Five . . . wide awake and feeling great.

TIPS AND ADVICE

The first step, *elevating your energy*, should be practiced seriously until you definitely feel yourself receiving an energy peak. You should practice this visualization until you feel your body filled with sexual power, until your loins are throbbing with desire. Diligent practice on a daily basis can aid even the most difficult of sexual problems.

The second step, becoming one with the powerful imagery of a great jungle cat, is important in order to provide you with a firm foundation upon which to build your sexual fantasies. You should come to visualize this so clearly, that you actually feel as though you have become the jungle cat. Your visualization should be so precise, that you can really see that thick jungle brush and foliage and feel like a great cat readying itself for a total sexual experience.

The more you practice, the more in-(continued on page 96)





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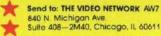
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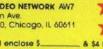




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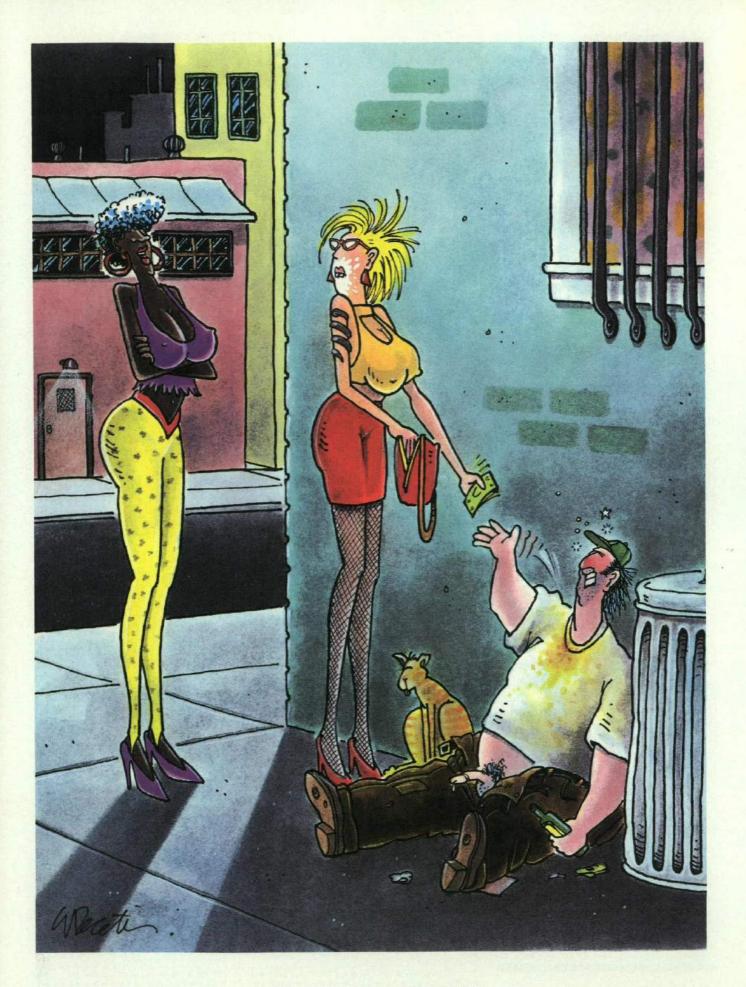
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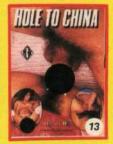
































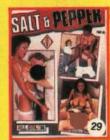


























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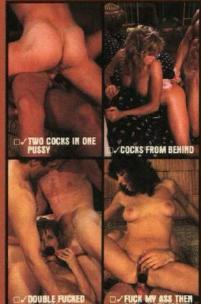








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AIDS RESEARCH RIVALRY (continued from page 104)

If answers don't come quickly, AIDS could be the greatest scourge since the bubonic plague.

bling researchers. The report went on to say that after making fundamental contributions in the initial identification of the AIDS disease, its risk groups and its transmission through blood, the AIDS program laboratory is now only "moderately productive."

Since the NAS released its report, the CDC says it has taken steps to remedy the situation. Doctor Dowdle elaborates: "We have changed the whole makeup of the AIDS lab and, hopefully, morale has improved." He adds, "The episodes mentioned in the report were blown out of proportion because anything related to AIDS is going to get a lot of attention in the press."

This opinion is not shared by some of the key people interviewed by the NAS investigating team. In describing the situation at the CDC, one scientist who quit the AIDS lab complains, "It was a mess. The report was the best one could expect when you have a quasi-governmental agency investigating another governmental agency. It's the good-old-boy network. If you read the report intelligently, you will see that nothing has been done to change many of the problems identified. The problems are really hidden behind all kinds of phraseology." Doctor Voeller agrees and says, "There was no identification of how the committee was chosen. It appears to many of us that the CDC had a hand in how the people were selected. We want evidence that the committee was impartial. Also, a lot of things were not investigated."

Doctor Voeller helped bring the CDC's problems to public attention in September 1986, claiming that CDC officials delayed for nearly a year the publication of information that a common ingredient in spermicides kills the AIDS virus. "Thousands of people now infected with the virus may have avoided infection if the information had gotten out earlier," claims Voeller, whose independent foundation first reported the substance's AIDS-killing ability in February 1986.

If the CDC's work in AIDS has been slowed because of the recent feuding and squabbling, we might ask what are the prospects for the agency regaining its position as the leading American health agency in the battle against the killer disease? While public-health officials and some scientists provided us with an upbeat assessment, independent scientists provide us with a gloomier picture of the CDC's future. "The CDC's recent troubles will have a long-term effect on the CDC," says Doctor Rapoza. "They are not going to attract top people. Who would want to go to such an unsettled environment with all the politics and have their experiments sabotaged?"

Another scientist gave his opinion: "At one time you had three major labs involved with AIDS research-the CDC, the NIH and the NCI. Now you have two [the NIH and NCI]. I believe the CDC's influence on AIDS research has ended."

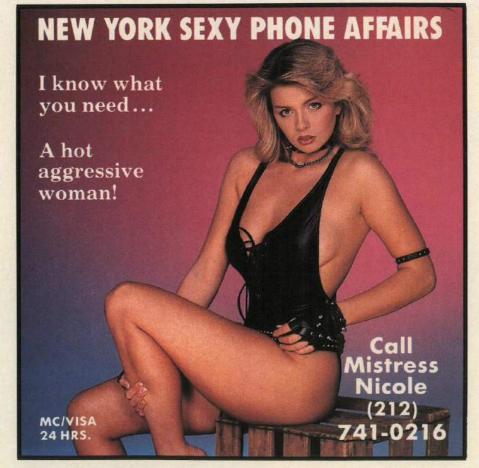
What lasting impact the CDC troubles and the NIH-Pasteur Institute dispute will have on AIDS research, no one can be sure. But against the backdrop of a rivalry involving the world's three leading AIDS-research agencies, is the picture of thousands of diligent AIDS researchers quietly working to find answers to what, if the answers don't come quickly, promises to be the greatest scourge faced by man since the bubonic plague of the 14th

"The spotlight is on us," adds Doctor Volberding, echoing the thoughts of many scientists. "If we don't measure up, the public is going to hold us accountable. Therefore, I think it's very important that we work together."

While scientists predict a gloomy future for AIDS research at the Centers for Disease Control, future cooperation between the NIH and the Pasteur Institute looks more promising. The two institutions have worked out a settlement that, in the words of a U.S. Department of Health and Human Services news release, will "recognize the important contributions of Doctor Gallo and his colleagues, and Doctor Montagnier and his colleagues, leading to our understanding of AIDS and its diagnosis, and such a settlement should in no way be interpreted as providing either party an advantage over the other party." A special ceremony took place at the White House in early April to mark the occasion.

'What has happened is that the two doctors got direction from their superiors to start acting like scientists and not prima donnas," says Doctor Rapoza. "The agreement will certainly cool things down. Hopefully, it will mean that some of the information that is vital in the battle against AIDS will start being exchanged across the Atlantic. We will see if things have indeed changed at future international conferences when scientists from the NIH and the Pasteur Institute get together."

Rapoza laughs and adds, "But who knows. Scientists will be scientists." 🝒



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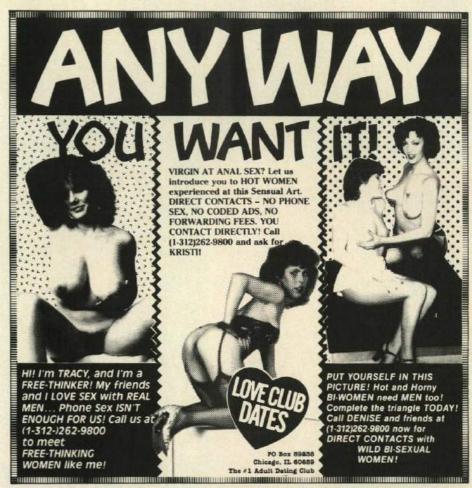
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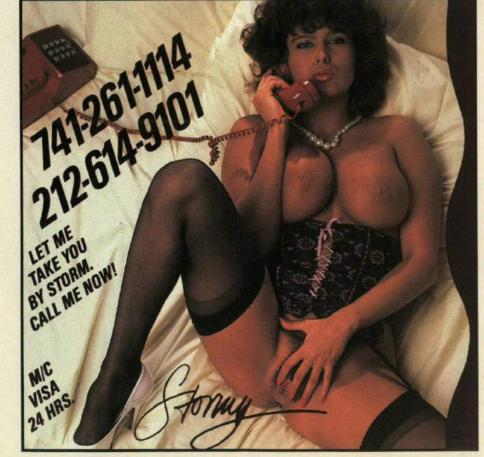
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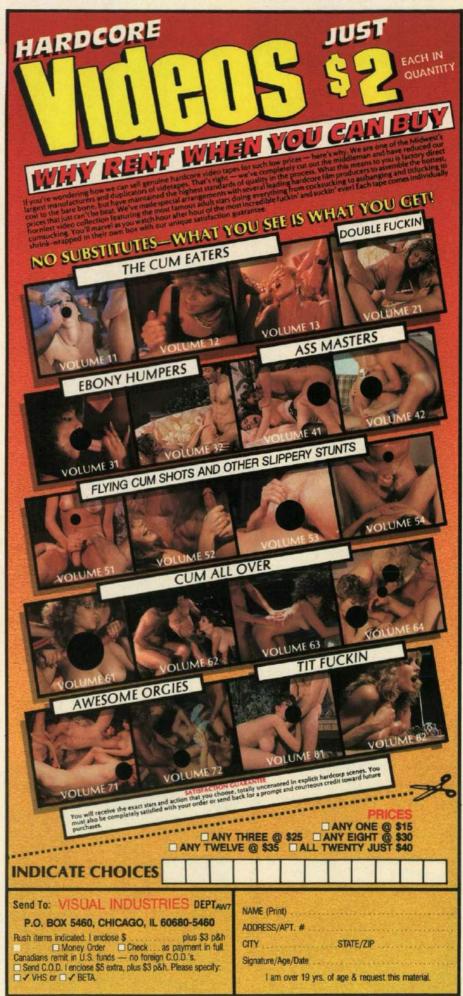


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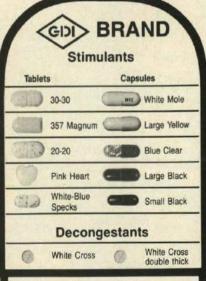
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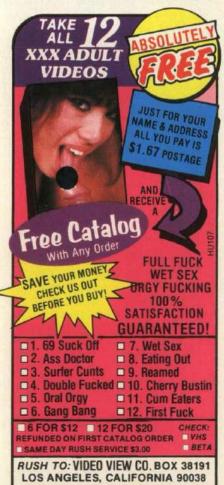
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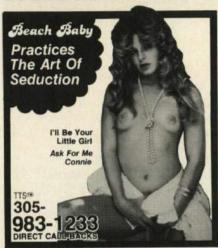














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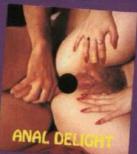












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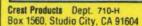
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NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER

November issue on sale September 22, 1987

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

Next month some of the world's most beautiful women will step out of your dreams, and onto the pages of HUSTLER. We start things off with a luscious redhead getting ready for a night on the town, au naturel. Then meet our stunning centerfold, a Miss Nude Universe who's paused long enough on the road to stardom to take off her clothes for us. Then, a vacationing couple make a sauna hotter than ever, with some really steamy action. Finally, a decadent cabaret is the setting for some of the most outrageous lesbian love you've ever seen.

BYE-BYE B&D?

If you happen to be a fan of bondage and discipline, better kiss your favorite fantasies goodbye. According to HUSTLER's articles editor, Allan MacDonell, feminist protests and government crackdowns may mean big trouble for magazines, videos, mail-order businesses, sex parlors and outcall services that specialize in dominance and S&M. Is nothing sacred?

THE YOUNG TURKS OF NASHVILLE

Steve Earle, Dwight Yoakam and Randy Travis are three of the top new country-western performers who are taking the genre back to its roots. Nashville correspondent Steve Andrews's profile of these three C&W stars reveals how they've revitalized this traditional music with modern touches, and what Nashville oldtimers and record-industry officials think of their futures.

AND PLENTY MORE ...

Our regular features are as fascinating as ever. For starters, there are steamy *Hot Letters*, the gorgeous gals of *Beaver Hunt*, sex industry updates in *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment* and the wild humor of *Bits & Pieces*. In addition, November's *Sex Play* takes a look at why men sometimes just say "no" to pussy. And next month's fiction, "Terror in the Cascades," is a gritty, gripping trucking tale packed with erotic action. Enjoy!

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